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LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by CECIL COWPER and E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE manifesto of the Unionist Reveille strikes as combining a pompous title with a pretentious pronouncement. The member for the Camlachie Division of Glasgow, who is apparently responsible for the document, is a very learned person, but it is not thus that political manifestoes are written. Neither Lord Beaconsfield in his celebrated letter to the Duke of Marlborough, nor Lord Randolph Churchill in his "Old Man in a Hurry" manifesto, got lost in such a maze of words as the Reveille sententiously employs. It is all very well to sound the alarm, but it is not necessary that it should go on to all eternity. Simply and baldly stated, there is not much to find fault with in the heads enumerated in the manifesto. We are all aware that in the present hazardous times the Opposition will not be content with its pristine function of criticism. It is necessary in the face of revolutionary proposals to show clearly that all the pressing needs of the State can be met and successfully dealt with by entirely non-revolutionary measures. Tariff Reform for revenue, the provision of a supreme Navy, by loan if necessary, State credit for the multiplication of small owners, reform of the Poor Law, Colonial Preference, are well recognised wares in the Unionist pack. They are all sane measures, and demonstratably tend to the advantage of the State and its subjects. There will, however, be another important rôle for Unionist statesmen to undertake. It will be that of restoring credit and confidence, which have been so rudely shaken by the Socialistic finance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The land must be freed from unjust burdens before small ownership can be accomplished, and capital must be enticed back from abroad by the restoration of confidence before enterprise can be hoped for, and the equilibrium of employment re-established.

This is an age of sensation. The taste of the public for piquant fare at their breakfast tables must be catered for, and verily the great newspapers of the world perform their task loyally and at enormous cost. Since Sunday last the entire world has been agitated by the manœuvres of two great airships. On Sunday special editions of the *Daily Mail* announced the arrival at Wormwood Scrubbs of the dirigible "Clément Bayard" after a voyage from Paris which was accomplished in only six hours, at the rate of forty-one miles an hour. This is undoubtedly a very creditable performance, but one hardly worthy of the serious attention of that Master of Sensations, the *Daily Mail*. There was nothing of note in the voyage saving the supreme ease with which it was accomplished. It taught us nothing new, except that it is quicker to travel by air than by land and sea, provided the conditions are favourable; and therefore we were surprised, and even a little disappointed, to see the *Daily Mail* wasting so much space and black ink on this French-built craft. But better fare was to follow. Hardly had the "Clément Bayard" been brought to rest at Wormwood Scrubbs when the news was flashed across the Herring Pond that the Wellman airship, the "America," had left Atlantic City, and had actually started on its historic attempt to reach Europe. In spite of the utmost endeavours of the *Daily Mail* to keep popular interest centred on the "Clément Bayard," the public deserted their old love and hastened *en masse* to the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, which, in conjunction with the *New York Times*, was responsible for the expedition.

The Wellman expedition was unique in its conception and organisation. For months and months grave doubts have been cast by the American press on Mr. Wellman's bona fides. The memory of his two abortive expeditions to reach the North Pole died hard, and he was regarded as a mere lover of advertisement and cheap sensation. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Times* furnished him the money for his new enterprise in return for the exclusive rights of his story, until, goaded on by public opinion and the terms of his contract, Mr. Wellman was finally obliged to make the attempt. His airship—constructed in France—weighed thirteen tons; it had a car 150 feet long, a huge tank for carrying gasoline, a lifeboat suspended under the tank, and a unique arrangement, called an equilibrator, made of extra gasoline tanks, with wooden floats at the end which dangled in the sea. The equilibrator sadly belied its name, and turned out an arch-disturber, rocking the car as it bounded from wave to wave, shaking the stability of the entire ship, and finally bringing the voyage to a summary end. Provisions were carried for twenty days. The airship had never previously been over the water, and the equilibrator had never been tested, a fatal, almost criminal, want of foresight which alone is sufficient to cast grave doubts on the bona fides of the expedition. The intrepid crew consisted of Wellman, the journalist and leading sensation master; Vaniman, the chief engineer; Simon, the navigator—judging from the diverse course followed by the ship he was hardly necessary at all; Irwin, wireless operator; Loud, engineer; Aubert, assistant engineer; and a black cat.

The start from Atlantic City at eight o'clock on Saturday morning was inauspicious. At the last moment Jacon, a French mechanic, decided to withdraw, having an appointment for the day up town, and his place was filled by Aubert. No sooner had the airship started than the Mascot cat, with a wail of horror—without even waiting for the proverbial rat—jumped overboard, preferring the risk of a watery grave to the terrors of the air. But the cat was miraculously rescued and brought on board again. For some hours various wireless stations kept in touch with the "America," but she was last signalled on Sunday, at 12.45 p.m., somewhere off the Nantucket lightship; and the wireless operator wished the crew farewell in the following encouraging terms:—"Farewell, Jack Irwin; Jonah's whale will never cough you up. You're a goner." From that moment the airship was lost to the world until the news came that the entire crew and the black cat had been rescued by the steamship *Trent* plying from Cuba to New York. Thus the "America" had been blown right out of her course to Europe, and had drifted south-west towards Bermuda; and, had not the crew been rescued in the nick of time, they would probably have perished in the hurricane which was hastening from Cuba after destroying the sugar plantations.

Mr. Wellman, in a brief mesage to the *Daily Telegraph*, gives a harrowing picture of the voyage. The wind continually shifted, the engines were stopped, and the ship allowed to drift where she willed. The "equilibrator pulled hard, riding over the seas, jerking and shocking the ship, and setting up a rolling motion which threatened total destruction." On Sunday night the crew, completely exhausted, fell asleep, expecting to wake up in the sea. At three o'clock on Monday morning the motors were started in an endeavour to reach Europe or the Azores. Gasoline was jettisoned to lighten the ship, and on the reduced store it was decided to try to reach Bermuda. On Monday night more gasoline was thrown overboard, and also part of the machinery, to keep the airship afloat during the cold night. Apparently the "America" kept above water the whole of Monday night, and in the early hours of Tuesday morning the lifeboat was successfully launched. Then the *Trent* was sighted some distance off. The entire crew, at the earnest exhortation of the black cat, unanimously decided to abandon the airship, and were safely taken on board the *Trent*. Mr. Wellman concludes:—"The 'America,' the lifeboat's weight being released, rose high and soon disappeared in the distance"; and he adds pathetically, "The loss of the airship was witnessed with small regret, because it would never be of use again." We quite understand that.

Thus the historic attempt has come to a happy ending. It is at least the longest airship journey on record, for the "America" remained in the air seventy-two hours, from eight on Saturday morning to eight on Tuesday morning, but at no time does she seem to have been further than five hundred miles off the American coast. Look to your laurels, *Daily Mail*; it is "up to" the "Clément Bayard" to do something big in the sensation line next week.

THE DEAD SINGER

I sang my song long years ago,
  And you who read this line
Shall likely capture braver words
  And better songs than mine,
    But here's a link, when all is said,
    Between the living and the dead.

Know this, that for the dead who sings
  The living world away,
One half the world was blackest night,
  One half was fairest day;
    But night and day he sang his song,
    And did not find the waiting long.

You breathe the air, and see the world
  As once I saw it too,
Earth spreads for you her gladdest flowers,
  The skies their deepest blue—
    Brother! yet something must be wrong
    That you should read a dead man's song!

Gather the bravest words you can,
  And choose the sweetest tune,
And make a song of God and man,
  Of sun and stars and moon;
    And ere its echoes shall be sped,
    You shall take comfort, being dead.

R. M.

THE GREAT ALTERNATIVE

On Monday last Mr. Lloyd George delivered a "non-political" address at the City Temple, mainly on wealth and poverty. The subject is one on which the arm-chair philosopher can discourse eloquently and futilely by the hour. The inequality of lot is one of the enigmas of the world. It must either be accepted or it must be combated. Acceptance does not mean that nothing may be done in reason to redress the balance. As a matter of fact, much is done; it is, indeed, amazing how much is done by voluntary effort to extend the advantages and the comforts which wealth alone can give, to those who have no wealth. Our great system of hospitals on a voluntary basis, our system of education, our provision for necessitous old age, are all provided for by wealth. Enormous sums are frequently given for medical research, higher education, and other objects benefiting the necessitous classes. It is only envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness which cloak these facts, and acting in their natural groove seek to inflame the passions of those who are the recipients of many benefits, for which they ought to be thankful, against those who are extraordinarily generous towards them. Happily, these attempts largely fail because they do not appeal to those who are not bereft of sense and observation.

In his non-political speech the Chancellor of the Exchequer, referring presumably to prevalent unemployment, hazarded the remark that both parties admitted that there was something wrong, and he paid a tribute to Mr. Chamberlain for having recognised this fact, and for having initiated proposals which in his judgment would do much to bridge the chasm which separates wealth from poverty. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Chamberlain observe the same disease, they are both anxious to mitigate its rigours, and are both possessed of plans which they think will contribute to that end.

Mr. Chamberlain, by his Tariff Reform proposals, seeks to enhance national prosperity. The commonweal, in his view, involves the welfare of the individual, and it does this not only because it offers direct advantage, such as more employment owing to the creation of a greater fund for wages, but because it must also provide means for social reform on prudent lines. Mr. Lloyd George's thesis is different. He holds that our commercial policy is the best which can be devised, and that the cankers of the State must be removed by the readjustment of internal conditions. It is obvious that between them the medicine men exhaust possible remedies. There is no *tertium quid*. Either wealth must be introduced from outside, or it must be appropriated inside according to the needs of the State. This truth has been grasped by Germany and the United States. Those Governments have devised means by which their populations can live and thrive, and they have accomplished this by levying tolls on imported goods and by subsidising new or languishing industries.

By that means distribution of wealth has come. Employers are encouraged to enterprise; work and wages are plentiful. We believe that Mr. Lloyd George is fully alive to the lesson which the prosperity of the countries we have cited exhibits. It is, however, an unfortunate incident of the party system that division on certain fundamental principles may not be healed even in the light of patent facts. Surrender is deemed to be too humiliating; persistence in error—although perceived—is considered more manly and straightforward.

Mr. Lloyd George's dilemma is clearly shown in his speech at the City Temple. He let slip the remarkable admission or statement that the Unionist party had been "most wedded" to the present state of things—namely, Free Trade—and uttered words of wonder at its recantation of those principles. The secret of the conversion of the Unionist party—the necessity for new measures being admitted by both parties—was seen when Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to unfold in his non-political speech the alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. He indulged, we regret to say, in his usual wild tirade against the capitalist

classes. He hinted not obscurely at Socialist practice as distinguished from Socialist theory. If his denunciation of the over-wealth and idleness and luxury of the prosperous classes meant anything, it meant that his panacea—a purely destructive one—was spoliation. As we said at first, there are two alternatives, and only two, before the nation. The one is the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, the policy of paying the nation's way by reasonable and honest means; the other is the policy of the Socialist thief, who hides behind the respectable presence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

POLITICAL MORALITY AT WALTHAMSTOW

When a man of intelligence is promoted to high office does he lose all power of independent judgment and all sense of what is right and what is wrong? To judge from Sir John Simon's attitude on the Osborne question this is the case. When asked the very straightforward question, "Are you in favour of the Osborne judgment?" he replied, "I don't think this can be dealt with in a moment, as it is a most complicated question. It is not a fair thing to ask that question at this time."

But surely if there ever was a time when it was fair and right to ask the question it is when the Solicitor-General is seeking the support of his constituents to enable him to assume an office which will have to deal with the legal aspect of the case in the near future. Sir John Simon—unless he has lost all power of independent judgment—must be in a position to tell the electors of Walthamstow whether he believes it morally right to compel men to subscribe funds for the support of political representatives whose views are totally at variance with their own. This is not a legal question. It is a matter affecting the fundamental liberty of the subject. An Englishman's liberty has always been boasted of as his birthright; but it cannot be said to be in very safe hands if one of its legal guardians cannot even make up his mind as to what is right and what is wrong. This attitude of the office boy awaiting the orders of his superiors is not an edifying spectacle. It may cost Sir John Simon his seat, and it says little for the political morality of the present age. Had he come forward boldly and stated, "I believe the Osborne judgment to be morally right, and in the interests of liberty and justice I can never support its reversal, but I am prepared to try and find some alternative scheme so that Labour may be represented in the House," then we could understand his attitude. The Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, having more experience of the pitfalls of political life, was wary and refused to be trapped. He has had the courage to come forward boldly and state that the Osborne decision can never be reversed, although some alternative remedy may be found to meet the requirements of the situation. In the face of the wobbling attitude of Sir John Simon we have the outspoken declaration of Mr. Stanley Johnson, who is determined to support the decision because he believes it to be the charter of freedom for the whole of the working men of this country. He suggests as a remedy that every trade union should be allowed to form a subsidiary association for political purposes, and that each member should be able to subscribe his money for the support of a Socialist, Radical, or Unionist M.P. as desired. This suggestion is ingenious, but we doubt its practical working value. Personally we are of opinion that as trade unions were formed for the protection of particular trades, and for the support of the sick and aged workers, they should be kept outside the baneful pale of party politics. Had this been the case in the past, Tariff Reform would long since have been considered on its merits. Although there is an enormous number of genuine Tariff Reformers amongst the working men of this country, their voice carries no weight, because, through fear of reprisals, they are obliged to follow their leaders, who are opposed to it, not industrially, but for the purpose of advancing their particular political interests. Meanwhile we are likely to learn the attitude of the Government towards the Osborne judgment, because Sir John Simon has consented to meet a small deputation of the Labour party and to answer or to wriggle out of the two following questions:

1. Will the Government undertake through you to introduce into Parliament a Bill conferring upon trade unionists the rights referred to in the resolution passed at their recent conference, namely, in favour of giving to trades unionists power to use their funds for political purposes, and to take any political action they think fit in furtherance of their ends? Or, failing this,
2. Will the Government support, and give facilities for passing this session, the Labour party's Bill with the same object?

That Sir John cannot answer these questions of his own free will he has already made plain, and therefore he must reply as the spokesman of the whole Cabinet. On their attitude the future support of the Labour party at the coming session depends. Truly the position of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues is comical. They, the advocates for years of passive resistance to the Education Rate, are now asked to place on the Legislature an Act authorising the compulsory levy of funds to be used to support representatives in Parliament to whose views the subscribers are absolutely opposed.

THE TRAINING OF THE JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICER

Year by year the navies of the world command increasing attention, and it may be said without exaggeration that the true foundation of their utility and efficiency is found in the training which the young naval officer receives prior to joining his ship as a commissioned officer. At the naval college, which he enters at a tender and susceptible age, his character is moulded, his mind is trained, and he imbibes the traditions, spirit, and glories of his country's history. No nation is likely to have a more eventful naval future than Japan, and therefore it is interesting and instructive to examine the system of mental, physical, and technical education which the Japanese naval officer receives prior to the commencement of his active career in his country's service—a system which bore such far-reaching results in the Russo-Japanese War, and which led to the successive and total annihilation of the Russian squadrons. The Naval College for cadets is at Edajima, in the Inland Sea, and it would be impossible to find a more beautiful or fitting home.

All the officers who enter the Japanese Navy are trained there, with the exception of the engineers, who receive their education at Yokouska. The Japanese have no intention of combining the two branches of the service, as we have recently done in England. They believe that system to be a false one, and that it is asking too much of an officer to expect him to become an expert in so many branches of his profession. But every Japanese naval officer has a fair working knowledge of engineering; he goes through a regular course at Edajima, and could always take charge of the engines of his ship in case of emergency. There has never been any difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of engineers for the Mikado's service. The question of social distinction has never arisen, and a Daimio is just as proud to serve his country sixty feet below decks as he is to man the guns above. He ranks equally with the other officers, and is proud of his position, knowing well that in case of disaster his chances of escape are small compared with those of the crew on deck. He can rise to the same rank and position as other officers, and many of the admirals in charge of the dockyards and naval arsenals have won their grade in the engineers.

The secret of the extraordinary success of the Japanese

Fleet in the recent war with Russia is easily explained by a visit to the college at Edajima. In systematic thoroughness, in attention to detail, and in its practical character, the training of the Japanese officer is ahead of that of any other Power. This may seem a bold statement, but it is true, and has been borne out by the reports of the naval attachés of almost all the Powers. The education of the future Togos has been reduced to a fine art, both mentally and physically. Their future is guarded with an almost paternal care by the Government, which pays for their education and takes the utmost pains to obtain full value for its money. The Government has the most excellent raw material to mould into the finished article. On visiting the class-rooms one immediately notices the extremely intelligent features of the six hundred cadets working within the walls. Their devotion to their studies is remarkable. The presence of a crowd of strangers of different nationalities suddenly entering the class-rooms of an English Public School or Naval College during hours of study would certainly cause all work to cease for the time being, and the visitors themselves would be the subject of much comment by the boys, who are ever on the look-out for some relaxation from their dreary studies. With the Mikado's chosen cadets it is very different. When on a certain occasion their class-rooms were invaded by a crowd of some 150 naval attachés and correspondents of all nationalities, not an eye left the page on which it seemed glued, although many of the cadets from the interior of Japan may hardly ever have seen a foreigner before. All seemed afraid of missing a single sentence of their lesson, and thus retarding their progress towards the goal of their ambitions—the service of their beloved Emperor. Compared with the old system in vogue on the "Britannia" at Dartmouth, the Naval College at Edajima stands out in marked contrast, but now that the "Britannia" has been deserted the two systems of training approximate more to one another. When the Japanese naval officer joins his ship at the age of twenty, he is already a sub-lieutenant and an expert in all branches of naval science, navigation, gunnery, torpedoes, submarine mining, and engineering. For four years he has been instructed in all the subjects continuously, with the exception of a brief holiday in the winter and six weeks in the summer.

At the age of sixteen the would-be cadet must pass a competitive examination to enable him to enter the Naval College; if successful, he is subjected to a rigorous medical examination, and if the slightest sign of weakness appears he will be rejected. In order to stand the Spartan severity of his training during the next four years he must practically be made of iron and perfectly sound in physical condition. The moment he has satisfied all the requirements of his examiners and is accepted as a student, the cadet ceases to be the child of his parents, and is taken charge of by the Government, which feeds, clothes, and educates him, not a single item of expense falling on his parents. But he is not entirely debarred from home life, and his relatives are allowed to visit him from time to time at the college.

The college is a fine airy red-brick building, well situated, extremely healthy, and entirely isolated from the outside world. The staff consists of an admiral as governor, and he is assisted by eighteen naval officers and twenty-three civilian instructors, including one Englishman, who is there for the purpose of teaching the English language. There are roughly 580 cadets in the college, and these are divided into terms according to the number of years they have served. Thus a cadet on first joining belongs to first term, and carries a badge to that effect; each year he moves up a term and changes his badge from one to two, two to three, three to four. Each term or year is again divided into three sub-divisions, according to the ability of the students, the ambition of each being to get into the first sub-division of his year. Those who are best fitted are made cadet captains, and in that capacity exercise a certain amount of control over their terms.

After three years on shore, the fourth-term cadets join a sea-going training ship, and often visit Europe and America. This puts the final touch to their practical knowledge, and equalises the balance between land and sea training. Then comes the critical moment when the cadet must pass his final examination, which will entitle him to join a battleship as sub-lieutenant. Very few ever fail to pass, for if there is the least suspicion of slackness or lack of ability shown at the college the cadet is quickly asked to select some other profession. Even princes of the blood have to go through the same ordeal, and receive no favoured treatment.

The daily life of the cadet is a hard and exacting one. At 5 a.m. every morning, winter and summer, the bugle rouses him from his slumbers, and he has to rise, tidy up his dormitory, and fall in for inspection. The Japanese sleep in beds, not hammocks, for the latter are considered unhealthy. After breakfast indoor studies occupy his attention up to the dinner-hour, and also after the mid-day meal for one hour and a half. In the afternoon the physical and practical portion of his training takes place, and when this is finished he is free to play cricket, tennis, and football. The model rooms contain the most perfect specimens to be found in the world. Engines, sections of engines, steering gear, steamships, sailing ships, are all there in almost life size, and to crown all there is a splendid model of one of their first-class battleships, the *Shikashima*, over forty feet long, and complete in every detail. This superb piece of work was turned out at Kure at a cost of several thousand pounds.

The severe character of his training is seen in the physical culture of the cadets. Ji-jitsu plays a prominent part. In a room about sixty feet long and thirty broad some forty couples were engaged in practising the national pastime, flinging one another about, striking the matting floor with fearful thuds, then up again, only to be down a second later, until the onlookers fairly held their breath. It seems as if the bones of some of the combatants must be broken by the violence of the falls, but the surgeon, who is always present on these occasions, reassured us. "Bones," he said, "are sometimes broken, but not so often as you might imagine, owing to the splendid physical condition of the boys, and their knowledge of how to fall. We do all we can to encourage a liking for ji-jitsu, which, apart from being our national sport, develops the fighting qualities of the race and causes the cadets to regard pain and injury with contempt." This is the spirit in which the cadets are trained. At one end of the great square or drill ground in front of the college a wooden building has been erected in imitation of the battery deck of a modern warship. It is exactly the same size, and is fitted up in identically the same manner. At the bows is a monster 10-inch gun of the latest pattern, and on either side are three 6-inch guns and three 12-pounders. The guns on the starboard side of this unique land ship look out over the Inland Sea, and can be trained on any passing vessel, thus affording the finest practice in laying and sighting the guns. The third year cadets were engaged in gunnery, and round each gun was a little squad under the command of a gun-captain—a cadet himself—while at the far end of the ship the senior cadet captain gave out his commands in a voice of thunder which could be heard miles away. An exhibition of rapid firing was then given. All the motions were gone through; the breech was flung open, the shot, weighing one hundred pounds, was then lifted by a single cadet and placed in the breech; another pair of eager hands inserted the charge behind it; then the breech was closed, and the gun fired. It took exactly nine seconds for them to get off each shot. This says much for the efficiency of the system, for .. is no light t..sk to pick up a shell weighing one hundred pounds two or three times in succession and place it in the breech of a 6-inch gun. . ut the Japanese cadets are so strong and hardy that they easily carry out the duties of full-grown men.

By way of ending the day's work, the six hundred naval cadets indulged in an amusement, if it could be described as such, which is peculiarly Japanese. It so astounded all the foreigners who were looking on that it was impossible to believe that it was a recognised part of their training. We saw the quiet students converted into a herd of yelling, fighting savages, attacking one another with a fury that threatened destruction to all, kicking, shoving, and hitting with closed fists whenever a face appeared amidst the dense mass of struggling humanity. The cadets were divided into two sides of about three hundred each. The one defended a flag on a pole stuck in the ground and the other attacked it. A bugle was blown, and the attacking party with an awful yell, which when once heard can never be forgotten, charged at full speed on the devoted circle around the flag-staff. The two sides met with such violence that the first three or four ranks were thrown down and trampled on by those coming behind. The combatants mounted upon each other's heads, fighting with the greatest courage and desperation. When the pole was borne to the ground the fight was over, and, strange to say, all seemed to be perfectly good friends again. The injured covered the field, but only one cadet was attended by the surgeon, and the remainder were able to limp off. This fight gave one a great insight into the Japanese character.

No opportunity is ever lost of bringing home to the cadets the heroic achievements which have made the Japanese navy famous in the past. At the entrance hall is a chart covered with the blood of one of their captains who died for his country in the Chino-Japanese war. Near by is the boat in which Captain Arama escaped from the second blockading attack on Port Arthur, when he blew up the ship and sunk her in the narrow channel to prevent the exit of the Russian Squadron. Many generations of future cadets will learn to row in this boat.

STARS AND MEN

Our position in illimitable space, spinning from day to day, from year to year, on this earth-planet, which R. L. Stevenson called, rather unkindly, a "lukewarm bullet," has occupied the attention of philosophers and scientists for thousands of years. The tremendous questions propounded to Job: "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?" "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? . . . or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" are still echoing through the ages, and although to some extent we have reached forth into the infinite and groped amid the deeps of space, their principal burden yet remains unanswered.

Sir George Darwin, in his recent address as President of the Midland Institute, summarised a few of our astronomical problems, and set before a much larger circle than his actual audience the state of our present knowledge with regard to these matters. The splendid discoveries of William Herschel, and his indefatigable researches into the nature of star-clusters and nebulæ, received the praise which is their due; Herschel, too, was the first to prove the existence of the fascinating double stars whose systems still puzzle astronomers and mathematicians. Perhaps the greatest triumph of observation and measurement, however, has been the ability to ascertain our distance from certain stars—to locate, as it were, definite points which may in the lapse of generations become signposts on our wonderful journey. With a mighty base-line of a hundred and eighty-six million miles—the diameter of the earth's orbit—it is possible to discover that minute change in the apparent position of a few of the nearest stars which is known as parallax, and, by a process not unlike that employed in earth-measurements, to deduce approximately the number of miles that lie between us and the apex of the slim, imaginary triangle drawn on the fields of space. Even so, the angle is imperceptible save by the aid of the finest instruments. We know that we have swept along our annual path from June to December, and that our point of view is entirely different, yet only by the most careful and exact methods can the parallax of even our closest star-neighbour be appreciated. And the scale upon which the universe is constructed becomes visible to us when we remember that the light from that star, travelling at a hundred and eighty thousand miles a second, takes over four years to reach the earth.

In that awful universe we are a tiny speck of dust—invisible, supposing other beings like ourselves to exist on other worlds, save to dwellers on the nearest planets of our own little solar system; and that we, so situated, have been able to gain some accurate knowledge of the infinite which surrounds us is a significant indication of man's place in the universe. "If man is puny in comparison with stellar space," said Sir George Darwin, "yet his intellect has enabled him to unravel many marvellous secrets." The distribution of the stars in space, their present conditions, their past histories—on all these formerly insoluble problems astronomers can now draw confident conclusions. The optician, the chemist, the mathematician, all work together; theories are formed, tested, discarded, adopted, and in the end the man in the street gains a new conception of the world and its mysteries.

As to the other great problem upon which we have so little available evidence, the direction of our journey through space, Sir George spoke with reserve. It is only of recent years that accurate and regular observations have been made with this in view. At one time, Alcyone, the brightest star in the Pleiades, was supposed to be the huge central sun round which all other worlds swung, held in solemn, irresistible thrall; that idea, we believe, is no longer considered correct. But that there does exist a distinct "drift" of stars past us, and that at a certain point in the skies that motion vanishes, thus suggesting that we are travelling in a definite course at a definite speed, seems to have been proved by modern research. So far, our evidences are vague, but, as Sir George hopefully concluded, "System is beginning to emerge. A hundred years from now mankind will have accumulated much more accurate knowledge, and will be in a position to pronounce confident opinions on things now undreamt of; and yet all time will not suffice to enable man to touch more than the fringe of the things he would like to know."

REVIEWS

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

Medicine and the Church, being a Series of Studies on the Relationship between the Practice of Medicine and the Church's Ministry to the Sick. Edited, with an Introduction, by Geoffrey Rhodes, and a Foreword by the Lord Bishop of Winchester. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

It is impossible to close this book without a certain sense of disappointment. It is a symposium, "a series of studies on the relationship between the practice of medicine and the Church's ministry to the sick," and amongst the contributors are a series of distinguished physicians, surgeons, and divines, each writing from his own point of view. Thus, Sir T. Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physic at the University of Cambridge, discourses of "The Relationship Between Medicine and Religion," Dr. Hyslop, the Superintendent of Bethlehem Hospital, speaks of "Faith and Mental Instability," the Bishop of Bloemfontein contributes a note on "Prayer and Mental Healing," and Prebendary Faussett lays down "The Principles of Modern Christian Healing." And the conclusion of the whole matter? Well, it is to be feared that this may be summed up in the words of Sir Clifford Allbutt: "Matters for me remain much where they were before." It is agreed on all sides that the cheerful patient has the better chance, that a religion which is worthy of the name, promotes a cheerful spirit; *ergo*, religious ministrations in cases of sickness are to be encouraged. Matters, therefore, remain much

where they were before. There are no startling discoveries to be announced, no palmary theorems of the relations between body and spirit have been demonstrated.

But, here and there, one comes across some interesting *obiter dicta*. For instance, Mr. Mackenzie in an essay on "Medical Aspects of Mental Healing," does well to remind us of the distinction between improbability and impossibility: "Few things can be said to be impossible except mathematical misstatements or manifest contradictions," and with this dictum may be coupled Prebendary Faussett's citation of the great saying of St. Augustine: "Portentum fit non contra naturam, sed contra quam est nota natura." On the other hand, one scarcely follows Dr. Hyslop on the causes of insanity.

> The burden of taxation upon the nerve tissues and the drain upon their store of energy must necessarily go on increasing as the uses for the physical mechanism of the body and limbs diminish and become replaced by the more complex nervous activities essential to brain and mental evocations.

Hence, he would seem to say, the more brain-work, the more insanity; but surely the facts of history do not bear out this contention. Athens in the days of the great philosophers was eminently sane; the curious and intricate metaphysical labours of the mediæval schools bred no multitude of madmen; the Elizabethan age of English literature was not an age of lunacy. Then, again, Dr. Hyslop seems inclined to think that "the aggregation of individuals into dense communities" is a potent cause of dementia; but we believe that the purely agricultural counties—Wiltshire for instance—show very high, if not the highest, figures in lunacy statistics. If for "brain-work" we substitute "moneygrubbing and worry," the employment of the human mind in occupations for which it is not adapted, we shall probably be nearer the mark. And it is probable (or certain) that men may live in great cities and yet remain in their right minds, provided that their minds are rightly directed, set towards Syon and not towards Babylon. And, in the same way, the countryman goes mad, not because he lives in the country, qua country, but because through various agencies and by varying means the whole life of the country has been, in the course of the last three hundred years, eviscerated of all joys and of all legitimate interests.

Still, there are side issues. What most readers of the book would like would be an answer to the question: can what may be roughly called a spiritual (or mental or psychic) influence alter a physical condition? And to this question it must be said that "Medicine and the Church" fails to give any clear and distinct answer. And, perhaps, the problem is unsolved because it is insoluble; it may be one of the many riddles to which there is no answer. Still, one or two suggestive considerations may be urged, it may be possible to delimit, as it were, the doubtful and obscure territory.

In the first place there is the unquestioned starting-point. The cheerful patient has the better chance of recovery. Now, is it not possible that that quality, which in its ordinary and normal degree we call cheerfulness, may be raised to high powers, to powers infinitely high? Consider, by way of analogy, other faculties and deeds of men. Compare the verses of X (any poet whom you may utterly despise) with the sonnets of Shakespeare; the child's scrawled pictures with the masterpieces of Turner; the music of musical comedy with the fugues of J. S. Bach; nay, the cooking of an English lodging-house with the rare achievements of a French chef; Australian burgundy and burgundy of Bourgogne. Hence, if a certain placid good temper can help a man through an ordinary illness, it is surely not incredible that the sublime faith of St. Paul nullified the venom of the snake; supposing St. Paul's character repeated in these days hyoscine might be as harmless as a glass of fair water. There is a true story of a thievish little Londoner who was taken as a punishment into a chemist's shop and made to drink some colourless fluid, the druggist informing the lad that he would remember the dose to the last day of his life. Well, that day was almost the young rascal's last day, since he nearly died in the night. But he had drunk nothing but water! It seems, then, credible that the force of destruction might be paralleled by the force of preservation; that the power which made distilled water into a poison might, exerted in the opposite direction, transmute a poison into a harmless draught. And while we are on this point, we may differ from Dr. Buttar, author of the essay on "Medicine and Religion," who is opposed to ceremonial or sacramental methods of spiritual healing. He surely cannot have considered carefully the enormous effect of the "outward sign" on the human imagination; the visible, tangible thing, whatever it may be, though it may not originate the influence, seems to collect it, to focus it, to direct it in a powerful stream, as it were, upon the subject. Man, being a sacrament, is most surely approached and influenced by sacraments.

Then there is another consideration. Supposing that we leave the subject of disease on one side; may it not be possible to treat pain, which is usually a symptom of disease? It is known that under certain conditions pain is apparently exorcised. The soldier returning from the victorious charge finds to his astonishment that he has received a severe wound in the arm. He had experienced no pain in the heat of battle. On higher ground, we read of the martyrs rejoicing in the midst of the flames; on lower ground, of teeth which cease aching as the dentist's door is approached. Here are instances widely differing from one another, but agreeing in this, that in each case severe pain is annihilated by a mental impression. It is for psychologists to consider whether there may not be some means of creating a mind-state corresponding more or less to that manifested in our instances; whether there may not be discoverable some ritual which will destroy the pains of cancer as the joy and fervour of battle destroy the pains of a wound.

Finally, in considering the statistics of alleged "mind cures"—should such statistics be forthcoming—it will be well to remember this: that we have to deal with two unknowns. There is first of all the *vis medicatrix* of the healer or of his process; then there is the force of the disease. Men have malaria and take quinine, and yet in some cases they die, though quinine is specific in malaria. So the death of the patient need not necessarily disprove the efficacy of the treatment, whether that treatment be physical or spiritual.

THE CHARM OF THE JUNGLE

Jungle By-Ways in India: Leaves from the Note-Book of a Sportsman and Naturalist. By E. P. Stebbing, I.F.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a book full of charm and delight. "More entertaining than any novel" is a phrase already hackneyed in its continual usage. Yet if it be applied to any book it applies to this. It is not only written out of a wide knowledge and fairly complete experience; it is also written with delightful humour, and by a mind that perceived far more than the mere business of slaying. In fact, all the charm of the jungle lives again in these pages. Mr. Stebbing starts off with an introductory chapter descriptive of a scene in one "of the great up-country junctions in India," in which he sits "making up his mind as to whether to try this time the *ifeesh* with a queer blacky-brown sauce to it; the everlasting *ichop*, tough as blazes, and floating in dirty-coloured gravy; the equally inevitable 'bacon-egg,' the former like bits of leather soaked in rancid fat, the latter of the most doubtful freshness; or that *pièce de résistance* of the East, the vegetable and mutton (or goat) curry," watching two subalterns returning from their month's shooting, with all the accompaniments of an Indian *mofussil* station. How delightful it all is! India has a curious glamour to those who have once known it, and

this chapter has stirred haunting memories. It was a wise subtlety that gave this scene as introduction, for no more fitting preamble to his book could Mr. Stebbing well have imagined. And the stuff of his book is all of a piece with it. It is divided into three main divisions: Antlers, horns, and pelts, leading up thus from least exciting to most exciting. Yet, though he defines the divisions thus, that is not to say his interest is excluded to the subjects of his divisions. In fact, one of the best stories in the book is the monkey story related at the conclusion of the first part of the volume. It forms a most tempting, nay, invitingly tempting, quotation, but must be ruled aside as too long. To select from it would be to spoil it, and it must be read to be fitly appreciated.

Nevertheless, temptations to quote abound (which is no small praise for a book of this kind), but as an example of the author's humour in the retailing of his stories, let this suffice. He and a party are tracking up a head of horn. "Owing to the sodden state of the jungle, stalking was by no means difficult, but every now and then a twig drier than the rest would get beneath one's feet and go off like a pistol shot; the large thorns of the slender side-branches of the giant bamboo were a never-ending source of annoyance. . . . To get out absolutely silently was an impossibility, and the look on the shikari's face at the slightest noise made one feel as if the lot of a condemned man upon the scaffold with a rope round his neck was by comparison quite an enviable one." He feels the inevitable and terrible (and ironically unnecessary) desire to cough. "One struggles against it and remembers that the wish is quite unusual, one never ordinarily feels this idiotic desire, that it is only necessary to think about something else to forget all about it—it is of no use. After breathing deeply, breathing lightly, breathing through the nose, and not breathing at all, which results in semi-suffocation, one has to give in, and then—the shikari's hopeless look of surprise and pain!" It is such touches as these that make a hunter's story sparkle and live—whether in smoke-room or jungle-book. It is, however, the section entitled "Pelts" that offers the best attraction, and it is, like the rest of the book, full of good things in the way of anecdotes. "Stripes" or "spots," whichever they be, these are the things one's mind inevitably associates with the idea of India, despite the fact that the shikari as frequently finds his interest centred in antelopes and bison. For one thing, the element of luck is not so uncertain. One is more sure of procuring a respectable "bag," which, after all, is the be-all and end-all of the hunt. A whole day's beat will only too often bring not a sight of so much as a single tiger or leopard, which cannot be said of "antlers" or "horn."

Even when a tiger is beaten out, even here luck follows the sport. Let us close with a capital story Mr. Stebbing gives in illustration of this, which is altogether delightful. A youth, newly arrived in India, was to participate in "the usual Christmas shoot," but was not regarded any too favourably by his seniors, the more so as his only weapon was an old Service Martini-Henry. "The totally inadequately armed griffin," continues Mr. Stebbing, "was very naturally relegated to the worst, and safest from the party's point of view, of the positions in the first beat, with strict orders to fire at nothing but tiger—this being the general order of the line. The beat started, and all remained deadly silent in the lines of machans as the din of the beaters gradually approached. Suddenly a shot was heard from the direction of the obscure corner where our griffin was posted, rapidly followed by another. Muttered ejaculations from the younger men, and good, solid hard swearing from the more senior members of the party, followed each shot—swearing which grew heartier and more fervent as a perfect fusillade from the corner synchronised with the near approach of the coolies and end of the beat. The fact that each sportsman had to remain at his post and swear in silence under his breath only increased the bottled-up wrath. At the end of the beat a general and hurried move was made in the direction of the despised corner occupied by the luckless griffin. There sat the newly joined, still in his machan, and apparently wrapt and wreathed in a huge smile of utter content. As each angry man came up, a storm of vituperation was poured upon his devoted head, increasing in volume as each excited shikari got within hearing. The smile gradually faded, and the youth stared in amazement at the angry sportsmen gesticulating below, and then showed signs of evident confusion at this unexpected universal condemnation. As soon as he could make himself heard above the wrathful babel, and in reply to a more direct question from a senior officer of 'What the d——l do you mean, sir, spoiling the whole shoot by your blank, blank, fusillade?' he blurted out: 'I only got three; how many did you get?' 'Three *what*, sir?' yelled the peppery old senior. 'Tigers, of course, sir,' meekly answered the youngster, now seriously alarmed at the demeanour of his superior officer. 'You said I was only to fire at tigers. They're down there in the grass.'" Sure enough they were; "a fine full-grown tigress and two nearly full-grown youngsters" were discovered in the heavy grass, "all bearing the despised Martini-Henry bullet in them!" Which we dub a capital story in a capital volume. The book is illustrated by the author's own sketches, which add a considerable charm to its value.

A ROYAL VILLAIN

Peter the Cruel: The Life of the Notorious Don Pedro of Castile, together with an Account of his Relations with the Famous Maria de Padilla. By EDWARD STORER. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d net.)

To write, for modern readers, of an age when in Europe the weapons of war in general use were the wooden lance, the sword, the battle-axe, and the sabre, and when heavy armour of mail was worn in fighting, is not an easy task. We are so far removed in spirit and in time from those days that we have to be skilfully provided with an "atmosphere," a mood that shall bring us into some faint kinship with the thoughts and feelings of those rough, primitive peoples. Mr. Edward Storer has with considerable art chosen the simple, straightforward way of narration in his account of these sanguinary deeds of a cruel and revengeful king; he has taken the ancient chronicles, and, introducing the customs of the period by a cleverly-written preliminary chapter that sets the keynote, has told the story in the style best suited to so lurid a colouring.

When Don Pedro, known as "the Cruel," reigned in Castile, John "the Good" reigned over France, Edward III. ruled in England, and Chaucer was alive, the arts of war were crude. Gunpowder was practically unknown; tournaments and jousts and merrymakings of a belligerent type were the order of the day. "War was almost the only outlet open to the romantic instinct which was at the same time available for every gentleman of the land," says the author:—

> In these latter days of chivalry, however, not much of the romantic part of the matter remained. In practice, the unideality of the subject had been too often shown. And so, only the bare husk and convention were left, and the warriors of the time fought, to a great extent, disillusioned about any mystical beauties there may have been in their military religion.

Spain was then divided into kingdoms, and of the rulers of these exciting domains Don Pedro is by far the most interesting. He is really a study for the psychologist—brave man and coward, murderer and lover, monarch and fool, all in one. His early history was calculated to stimulate the passion which ever seemed ready to burst forth from him; living in retirement with his mother, the discarded Queen of Alfonso XI., his boyhood was spent in an atmosphere of "grievances, deceits, and the small, mean stratagems which must inevitably make up a large part of the life of any Court party which happens to be

unpopular." He became King before he had reached the age of sixteen, and his adventures began. Naturally, he was for some time under the influence of the most powerful minister, Albuquerque, who took care to form the equivalent of a modern cabinet that should fall in with his designs. He had by no means an easy time, however, for the whole country seems to have been restless and rebellious, with rumours of wars and insurrections from many quarters. It is curious to find in such a disorderly age the devices of a civic guard, a militia, and a kind of hasty police force expressly intended to suppress disorder and brigandage; but as this rough-and-ready army was also available for political purposes, there was more in it than appeared on the surface.

With Don Pedro's many love affairs Mr. Storer deals discreetly, emphasising the peculiar constancy with which the King, through all his crowded life and all his wayward amours, turned to his faithful mistress, Maria de Padilla. This beautiful woman, who was really a fine character, and who on many occasions restrained the wilder passions of her lord and warned his soldier enemies of his advancing fury, seems to have been devoted to him. He, on his part, ran after her even while Queen Blanche, daughter of the House of Bourbon, was on her way to be married to him; and after the wedding he still refused to acknowledge the supremacy of any woman but the one who had enchanted him. She was with him when he was imprisoned by the rebel faction at Toro—which event, undoubtedly, marks the turning-point of Pedro's career:—

> From the time of his escape from Toro, Peter lived, one might say, absolutely for himself and his own ends. To forward these same ends he was prepared to do almost anything. Out of the agony of wounded self-love, and from the hurt of youthful pride and bruised confidence, the traditional Pedro was born, Pedro the Cruel, the desperate, remorseless murderer and libertine, who has come down to us in history's pages. All confidence in humanity's generosity or disinterestedness seems to have escaped the King after the betrayals and treacheries which drove him captive into Toro.

His power soon returned to him, and from that time his record is black indeed—so black that no historian can excuse him. He had no respect for any who thwarted his will. "Twenty-two burghers were beheaded as a solemn warning to all such folk that they should always be on the winning side in all political disputes. Two or three knights suffered the same fate, and many more escaped it, only to suffer imprisonment instead." So goes on the sombre story, upon which we need not here enlarge, until his death in a hand-to-hand conflict with his brother, Don Enrique.

Mr. Storer's style is not always impeccable; he makes rather too free with the comma, which gives his pages now and then a halting effect. He is also too fond of making a paragraph of a sentence, after the manner of the novelette, and occasionally he crops into the vocative case and gives the impression that he is writing for children, as on page 32:—

> Little king, and grave, astute old courtier, Castile is in your hands. What will you do with it?
>
> Tutor and pupil, behold here a wide and extensive exercise for both your wits!

The interest of the narrative, however, is not affected seriously by this intermittent fault, and on the whole the text runs in a smooth, capable manner from start to finish. The illustrations in photogravure are a notable addition to the charm of the book—if charm is the word for a tale so terribly inhuman; fascination of a somewhat grim description would be perhaps a more applicable term. Mr. Storer makes us feel thankful that we live in a less exciting, if a more complex, age, and this final comment he must accept as a tribute to his lucid portrayal of that warlike fourteenth century which produced in England the Black Prince, and in France Bertrand du Guesclin—better fellows than Don Pedro the Cruel.

MORE'S "UTOPIA"

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON, with an Introduction and Bibliography by A. GUTHKELCH. (G. Bell and Sons. 5s.)

THE conception of a hypothetical kingdom or republic wherein our own habits and manners should be satirised or elaborated has occurred to many writers since civilisation began to surround nations with laws and conventions for the general convenience and welfare; of them all, the name of Sir Thomas More is perhaps most familiar to us of the present day. The Greeks had the same idea long before him; Swift, later on, in his savage, sarcastic fashion, tried to insult the public with his "Isle of Laputa" and his "Country of the Houyhnhnms," and the public smiled and enjoyed the joke; Samuel Butler carried on the process mildly in "Erewhon," and to-day Mr. H. G. Wells is endeavouring spasmodically to call attention to our parlous state by similar methods. Not many people, we imagine, read "Utopia" nowadays; there is so much that is easier to read that demands less thought, and the rotund Tudor sentences of Ralph Robinson's translation or the flow of Burnet's prose do not appeal to the popular taste.

It is distinctly refreshing, however, to dip here and there into the closely-printed, somewhat formidable-looking pages—so many thoughts float on the surface of this stream of fine English; at times Robinson's diction has almost the sonority of the Latin original. The language alone is an education. Words which have become perverted in modern times are here used with their primary significance: "utter" in the sense of "complete"; "let" in the sense of "hinder"; "approve" meaning "give proof of"; "fond" in the sense of "silly"; "prevent" in the sense of "anticipate," and "silly" in the sense of "harmless"—these are just a few instances culled at random.

The extreme detail employed by More in his descriptions of the ideal country is quite curious to note. "The stretes be twentie foote brode," he says (which would seem a pleasant width compared with the alleys known as streets in the London of that day), and he goes on:—

> Everye house hath two doores, one into the streete, and a posterne doore on the backsyde into the garden. These doores be made with two leaves, never locked nor bolted, so easie to be opened, that they wil followe the least drawing of a fynger, and shutte againe alone.

A fairly close anticipation of some of our patent swing-doors of offices and banks! Some less material characteristics of "Utopia" we seem also to have accomplished; for example: "To mocke a man for his deformitie, or for that he lacketh anye parte or lymme of his bodye, is counted greate dishonestye (dishonour) and reproche, not to him that is mocked, but to him that mocketh." So say we all; and when we read that "after supper they bestow one houre in playe: in summer in their gardens: in winter in their commen halles: where they dine and suppe," it seems that there is not such a very emphatic division, in some matters, between Utopia and King George's dominions. More's epistle to Peter Giles (citizen and town clerk of Antwerp) is full of a quaint wisdom. "I am not yet fullye determined with myselfe," he writes, "whether I will put furth my booke or no":—

> For the natures of men be so divers, the phantasies of some so waywarde, their myndes so unkynde, their judgementes so corrupte, that they which leade a merie and a jocounde lyfe, folowynge theyr owne sensuall pleasures and carnall lustes, maye seme to be in a muche better state or case, than they that vexe and unquiete themselves with cares and studie for the puttinge forth and publishynge of some thynge, that maye be either profeit or pleasure to others: whiche others nevertheles will disdainfully, scornefully, and unkindly accepte the same. The moost part of al be unlearned. And a greate number hath learning in contempte.

In this excellent edition, besides the "Epistle" and the two books of "Utopia," we have the "Lyfe of Sir Thomas

More, knighte, sometyme Chancellor of Englande, Written by his Sonne-in-Lawe, William Roper, of Eltham, in the Countye of Kente, Esquier"; the letters of More to his daughter (Margaret Roper), written while he was a prisoner in the Tower; some verses in the concocted Utopian language, and the alphabet of that extraordinary tongue; the Latin text of "Utopia," reprinted from the first edition, and a bibliography. To have the whole thus bound in a single volume is exceedingly useful and handy, and we must add a word of commendation for the concise and well-written introduction. Holbein's portrait of this famous citizen of London is reproduced exceptionally clearly as a frontispiece, and the frequent explanatory foot-notes add to the pleasure of the reader who may not be quite at ease with the strange turn of a phrase or the use of an uncommon word. Considering the amount of matter it contains, the book is remarkably compact and light, and it will supply the student's need admirably.

SHORTER REVIEWS

HUMOUR FROM "PUNCH"

The Day's Play. By A. A. Milne. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

A Fool's Paradise. By "Dum-Dum." (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

A good many readers of *Punch*, we fancy, turn first to the page where week by week the facile "A. A. M." disports himself, and show thereby their appreciation of his genial and irresponsible humour. They will be glad to have at hand this volume wherein Mr. Milne has collected the best of his work, for an hour spent in the society of his preposterously absurd men and maidens is calculated to drive away the worst attack of depression that any London November ever brought. Mr. Milne gives his readers more often the subdued chuckle than the hearty laugh; his manner is peculiar to himself. He is allusive, topical, subtle, and digresses at the slightest temptation to arrive at an unexpected witticism. Best of all, he never bores us; the adventures of his party of idiotic cricketers, "The Rabbits," the account of his dances, his shopping experiences with "Miss Middleton" (who is by way of becoming a classic), his games, the dialogues between "Uncle" and "Margery," are all capital clowning, never descending to the obvious joke which brings a sigh instead of a smile. To quote any one paragraph in illustration would be unwise—would be, in fact, unfair, since the success of each chapter, and of the whole method, depends on the sequence of remarks and on the comical, topsy-turvy reasoning at which the author is such an adept.

With the satiric verse of "Dum-Dum" *Punch* has also made us familiar, and the Major comes a good second to Mr. Milne in his capacity for raising a laugh. His knack of clever rhyming is quite a study in itself—half of his comical effects arise from a keen perception of the mental shock due to the unexpected jingle of a common phrase or an ordinary word used in some queer, daring manner: as when he writes of the spring in London, and mentions the newly painted house-fronts:—

> . . . those of russet brick,
> Erected in the style of good Queen Anne
> (Who is now dead),
> Which show no stain upon their sombre red,
> And are, in consequence, extremely spick,
> And highly span.

For perfection of technique "Dum-Dum" is an example to all writers of would-be humorous verse. His impudent introductory "Warning" is quite a gem of its kind, and we cannot resist quoting one stanza:—

> But, if in all these lays
> There lives one song to set
> The feet of man in loftier ways,
> I haven't found it yet;
> If they contain one thought
> Of solace or rebuke,
> One moral lesson, nobly taught,
> It got there by a fluke.

With this volume of rhymes and Mr. Milne's fantasies within easy reach, no reader need keep a straight face for long. Such drollery, free from any suspicion of vulgarity, is a blessing to mankind.

Revelation: Worlds Mystic and Realistic. By Henry Iliowski. (Routledge and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

To write an account in blank verse of the creation of the world from chaos, the appearance of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, the tragedy of the Fall, and the history of human affairs down to the time of Moses, is a task which does not daunt Mr. Iliowski in the least. He pleads that his work may be judged "less by its intrinsic merit than according to the pure motive which inspired its conception and elaboration," but such prefatory apologetics do not please us. They are founded on a fallacy. How is it possible to adopt such a queer standard of criticism? A man's motives may be of the very best, but he may write execrably; we may be in sympathy with his craving for self-expression, but, if he puts forward his work as literature, it is his imperative duty to write well. Mr. Iliowski's verses occasionally run pleasantly, and once or twice they are almost powerful; but on the whole he would have been better advised not to take such a stupendous theme. Milton once and for all framed the first portion of his subject in immortal epic poetry, and there was no need for Mr. Iliowski. He has, we are bound to say, a great many faults. His inversions are constant and awkward. Here is an ugly instance:—

> Thus flee I could not even when the flow
> The rock that was my refuge threatened, yea
> Upheaved to engulf me that I food
> Be of the monstrous brood. Soon face to face
> With death was I.

This is on the second page; on the first is another contortion of language. On the third occurs a passage which fails to scan—there are several, we may note, which read very haltingly.

> Hast thou no message to a sinking race?
> Degenerate Israel to reclaim no call?
> No message, thou who hast in sorrow, ay,
> In woe thy kindred seen bleed, because
> Of faith unshaken in the holy Law
> The Hidden Holy One vouchsafed to man?

And what may this mean?

> Ah! glories infinite there be to dwell
> On, yea, and evils dark and foul, but whence
> The spirit conjure deep and vast the deep
> And vast in shadings dark and bright to paint?

Whence, indeed! we echo, for it sounds a hopeless task. Mr. Iliowski seems to have published sundry tragedies, dramas, and epic poems in the United States of America, on which achievement we congratulate him; possibly he is an acquired taste. Over here, however, we fear that Mr. Iliowski must confine himself to simpler themes, and greatly improve his technique, before he will meet with much encouragement.

Poetry and Teaching. By E. T. Campagnac. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

It was quite natural that in addressing a body of student-teachers on the subject of "Poetry and Teaching" Professor Campagnac should have taken plentiful examples and theories from Wordsworth, but it might have been better for his audience if he had given more of his own original observations on the thesis of poetry and the practice of instruction. The two subjects, if we take "teaching" to mean the actual imparting of information in school, do not seem very harmonious; but the author of this little collection of lectures is admirably clear and explanatory, and his listeners must have been very dull if they were not inspired by some of his lucid and enthu-

siastic sentences. No apology for the homiletic tone of the book is needed when we come across so apt a comparison as that of the following passage, in which the poet as "maker" or "creator" is likened to a child:—

> You know how a little child will come sometimes into a company of older people in a room or garden, and with his frank, clear gaze, will fasten upon some object which the others have all seen but not perceived, and, by some simple, unrestrained but unforced, expression of his delight in it, will reveal its beauty, the beauty perhaps of a flower or a leaf, to them. He has made it, for them and for himself.

The poet who regards himself as a teacher is in danger of writing very uninspired stuff indeed, as every student of literature is aware, and we are glad to note that this point is emphasised: "Though the true poet is a teacher, the less he thinks about teaching, the more poet he is." The lectures are eminently suitable for their purpose, and the language is simple throughout. It is pleasant to find a plea for well-chosen speech on the part of the teacher. "Real speech, appropriate speech," says the author, "commands real or sympathetic listening; it is a transaction in which the hearer is as much occupied as the speaker: they are both building up from material supplied apparently from the speaker, but also in part from the hearer, a new thing, the common product of two minds working in harmony." For young teachers this little book of unambitious addresses will prove helpful, provocative of thought, and full of good advice.

A Little Sheaf of Prose and Verse. Gleaned by Gwendolen Talbot. (H. J. Bewley, Folkestone.)

In this modest booklet Miss Gwendolen Talbot has gathered a few prose fancies from George Sand and Pierre Loti, some pleasant translations of verse, and some charming little prose sketches and poems of her own. Through them all sounds a note of sadness, though not of depression; rather, we might say, the sadness of the wind sighing among the trees than any more definite melancholy. We like best the tiny romance entitled "Carmelita"; the hints of her boy-lover's devotion are very prettily conveyed, and Miss Talbot gives us an impression that she could, if she wished, write excellent studies of childhood. "Children's first impressions," she says, "their little thoughts and words, are too intense, too wonderful for the world's analysis; there are spring flowers their eyes alone can discern, floating songs they alone can hear, for children's lives are unwritten poems and are in the angels' keeping." From Loti's "Roman d'un Enfant" she chooses two chapters, but they do not present him at his best; in any case, Loti loses half his peculiar fascination unless he can be read in the original French. The selections blend very well, however, with the rest of the book. The poems are tender, simple, and expressive of a mood, a moment's memory, or a fleeting glimpse of some particular aspect of life. The "Little Sheaf" is one to be garnered in a quiet hour by the fireside, when evening and its shadows lead the thoughts away from the rough actualities of the busy world into the comfortable borderland of dreams.

FICTION

"THE RESTLESS ANALYST."

The Finer Grain. By Henry James. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The peculiar appeal which an author makes to a certain circle of readers, due to his cultivation of a "style" that suits their particular taste, suggests one of those mysteries so common that we take little notice of them. With only twenty-six curious little marks available for the art of writing, it might seem to some hypothetical observer from another planet that our scope was ridiculously limited; yet by means of these signs, which we have agreed among ourselves shall represent definite sounds, we record conversations, write letters that may bear testimony for or against us long after earthly alphabets have ceased to trouble us, and convey silently to friend or foe our love, hatred, opinions, desires. Most wonderful is this power to set down our inmost ideas with the aid of what Carlyle termed "poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them"; and although when we scribble a postcard or indite a brief note we have no time, as a rule, to muse upon the significance of the act, we achieve something compared with which the triumphs of engineering are small; we capture a thought, preserve it, transmit it—we take from that chaos of vague imaginations perpetually whirling through our brains one tiny atom, and send it forth on its way. Truly did that same philosopher remark that "the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised." Its highest evidence, that of relating histories, comedies, tragedies, moved him furthermore to exclaim, "No magic Rune is stranger than a Book." The novelist is the magician; he takes these few letters, arranges them in various permutations and combinations—and forthwith we are thrilled, we dance to his tune. It is a sorry dance sometimes, verily, for a good many of these Merlins of the pen had better have been butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers instead of donning the white sheet and all the paraphernalia of the would-be wizard. The wizard has often a turnip for a head, and is illumined by no heavenly fire. But now and then, that we may take comfort and not lose faith in the existence of the divine, infrequent gleam, we have the "real right thing"—the magician in earnest.

He is here again, that ever-welcome, smiling sorcerer, in the person of Mr. Henry James. Little need is there for his name to appear; we can read him behind his books. We are under the spell at once, submerged; we rise to the surface, gasping pleasantly, dashing the blinding, brilliant drops from our eyes, glimpsing a glorious world, swimming bravely onward, rebellious and forgiving, frowning and smiling, exasperated and charmed. Who but Mr. Henry James could make us so cross that we vow never to read another book of his?—and who but he could so delight us that at times we almost protest that no other novels but his are worth the reading?

In "The Finer Grain" we have five short stories from the hand of one who is a master of that form of art, and it need hardly be emphasised that each is, in some way or another, exquisite. By this we do not mean to imply that this latest book contains better work than the author has previously given us. Nothing is here so relentless, so utterly, quietly tragic, as "The Beast in the Jungle"—which we have often thought one of the finest short stories in the whole realm of English literature; nothing so strong in character-drawing as "The Birthplace"; nor do we find any delicate little fantasies in the manner of "The Great Good Place." But in the first and last studies we can settle down to an hour with Mr. James almost at his best.

"The Velvet Glove" is just an incident; an author who takes some pride in his work is asked by a beautiful woman to write a preface for her cheap and trashy novel. Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Shaw would have obliged her at once, with a fountain pen; unlike them, John Berridge refuses. That is the plot; but with Mr. James plot matters little; it is his marvellous manner of telling us that is important. The lady boldly captures Berridge in her motor; a ride, a talk, a kiss—and all is over what a ride, what a talk, what a kiss! Several of those tiny interludes of description occur which are peculiar to Mr. James's style. The "great smooth, empty, costly street—a desert of lavish lamplight and sculptured stone," suggests Paris, and it is in this city, where "The Ambassadors" held their complicated deliberations, that the scene is laid. We select one admirable passage:—

> His companion had said something, by the time they started, about their taking a turn, their looking out for a few of the night-views of Paris that were so wonderful; and after that, in spite of his constantly prized sense of knowing his enchanted city and his way about, he ceased to follow or measure their course, content as he was with the particular exquisite assurance it gave him. *That* was knowing Paris, of a wondrous bland April night; that was

> hanging over it from vague, consecrated, lamp-studded heights, and taking in, spread below and afar, the great scroll of all its irresistible story, pricked out, across river and bridge and radiant *place*, and along quays and boulevards and avenues, and around monumental circles and squares, in syllables of fire, and sketched and summarised, further and further, in the dim fire-dust of endless avenues; that was all of the essence of fond and thrilled and throbbing recognition, with a thousand things understood and a flood of response conveyed, a whole familiar possessive feeling appealed to and attested.

The last story, entitled "The Bench of Desolation," is a sad little study of two lovers. Here Mr. James touches a side of life which he usually passes by; "In the Cage," if we remember correctly, has characters of a somewhat similar type. Poor Herbert Dodd, bookseller in a dreary seaside resort, threatened with a breach of promise action by energetic Kate Cookham, enlists our sympathy from the beginning. He meekly consents to pay four hundred pounds to escape publicity; but, having paid more than half, he rebels, and has no news of Kate for years. He marries, and fails in business; his wife and children die; and then, one October afternoon, while he is sitting brooding on that bench at the end of the parade which has become almost a sentient thing, so often has it witnessed his troubles, Kate reappears. She is smart, well-dressed, almost beautiful, changed for the better; to his utter astonishment she explains to him that she invested the money—his money—for his benefit, and wishes now to restore it with ample interest. Of the interview at the hotel, the five o'clock tea, and the emotional storm which leads to reconciliation, we can only say that these things are told in a way that leaves us moved and wondering at Mr. James's extraordinary power of insight, tenderness, and sympathy. There is nothing in this story of the author's over-developed mannerism, his irritating, involved method of composition; to quote from it is almost like tearing a beautiful fabric; we may, however, give the concluding sentences without spoiling the symmetry for our own readers:—

> He waited a moment, dropping again on the seat. So, while she still stood, he looked up at her; with the sense somehow that there were too many things and that they were all together, terribly, irresistibly, doubtless blessedly, in her eyes and her whole person; which thus affected him for the moment as more than he could bear. He leaned forward, dropping his elbows to his knees and pressing his head on his hands. So he stayed, saying nothing; only, with the sense of her own sustained, renewed, and wonderful action, knowing that an arm had passed round him, and that he was held. She was beside him on the bench of desolation.

The other three stories do not affect us with a corresponding thrill. "Mora Montravers," however, is an excellent and skilful comedy. Chiefly by means of subtly allusive conversations between an uncle and an aunt, we are acquainted with the fact that "Mora," the niece, takes a broader view of life than is usual in Wimbledon's best circles, and has decided to throw in her lot with a young artist named Puddick in the most unconventional fashion. How the tangle is unravelled we need not detail, but Puddick and Mona are shown in a most delightful way—in the subdued, oblique, richly tinted radiance that Mr. James loves to use, and that he alone can manage successfully. His contrast of names is in the true spirit of comedy, and poor, worried Mr. Traffle brings this out with a chuckle:—

> "Why the deuce did her stars, unless to make her worship gods entirely other than Jane Traffle's, rig her out with a name that puts such a premium on adventures? 'Mora Montravers'—it paints the whole career for you. She *is*, one does feel, her name; but how couldn't she be? She'd dishonour it and its grand air if she weren't. . . . It would have been better for us perhaps if she could have been a Traffle—but, failing that, I think I should, on the ground that, sinning at all, one should sin boldly, have elected for Montravers outright. That *does* the thing—it gives the unmistakable note. And if Montravers made it probable, 'Mora'—don't you see, dearest?—made it sure. Would you *wish* her to change to Puddick?"

The brief "Round of Visits" we do not think is worthy of its company, but "Crapy Cornelia" is one of those shadowy, twilit pastels in which once more we are compelled to realise the sheer artist engaged in the work which gives him the highest, most exclusive pleasure.

Not once in the book does Mr. James tease us with the desperately parenthetical sentences which marred half our joy in some chapters of "The Golden Bowl," we are glad to notice. Certainly he is in no danger of giving us the "odious lucidity" with which he reproaches one of his characters; but do we want it, from him? We who pride ourselves upon being of "the tribe of James" answer in the negative. We love his intricate ways; we resist feebly, as, like some patient and benevolent spider (if he will forgive us the metaphor), he winds his gleaming phrases round us; only, unlike the captive fly, we glory in our imprisonment. We quite realise that there are people to whom he can never make the slightest appeal, but, with all due respect to them, it can hardly be disputed that at his best he is one of the few living masters of that wondrous instrument, the English language.

FOUR HEROINES.

Vanitas: Polite Stories including the Hitherto Unpublished Story entitled A Frivolous Conversion. By VERNON LEE (John Lane. 6s. 6d. net.) *The Devil and the Deep Sea.* By RHODA BROUGHTON. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.) *A Snail's Wooing: The Story of an Alpine Courtship.* By E. M. SNEVD-KYNNERSLEY. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.) *My Lady of Intrigue.* By Humfrey Jordan (W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

THE book by Vernon Lee, otherwise Miss Viola Paget, is far too well known to require to be dealt with at length. The present volume of "Vanitas: Polite Stories," which the authoress describes as sketches of frivolous women, is a second edition in which has been included a new story entitled "A Frivolous Conversion." The heroine, Madame Nitzenko, middle-aged, commonsensible, charming, sarcastic, kindly, and Russian, is one of a party stopping at the Engadiner Hof. Her vis-à-vis is Count Kollonitz, a young man of the world who has done everything and seen everything, and who has worked out for himself a kind of philosophy of life which can be turned and twisted to suit his present mood. From the depths of an arm-chair Madame Nitzenko riddles his philosophy with her common sense, and pricks his overweening vanity with her sharp tongue. Little by little, however, the young count loses his first dislike of her, seeks her out, and discusses life and its component parts. The charm and value of the story lie in the psychology and characterisation. The atmosphere is bright and gay, and the various philosophies under discussion are treated with the light and skilful pen which Miss Paget knows so well how to wield.

The second heroine, created by Miss Rhoda Broughton, is of quite a different mould, though, by some strange coincidence, the action of the story takes place in a similar milieu. "The Devil and the Deep Sea" is the name of the book, and it must be read from cover to cover. All by herself, lonely, and shrinking from attention, this young girl sits among the ilexes, her face stamped with the lines of suffering. She thinks of the past with horror and fright, and is only recalled to the possibilities of the present and future by the sight of a man in even worse plight than herself, battered and broken, lying helplessly in an invalid chair in the golden sunlight. Her sorrow is partially obliterated by the sight of his, and pity for his loneliness makes her do little things for him in spite of his rudeness and obvious detestation of being noticed at all. She finds out that he, too, has a past, which it is his one object in life, besides that of getting well, to keep secret. This mutual tie draws her sympathies still more, and she protects him from the importunities of

the other visitors in the hotel. Step by step she overcomes his timidity and reserve in a charmingly unassuming manner, and compels him to look upon her as a friend, until at last they both discover to their fright that love has ousted friendship from their hearts. He is forced by outside circumstances to confess his secret past, and she forces herself by the strength of her love to open her skeleton-cupboard to his view. What is inside it would be unfair to disclose, but it is well worth reading the book to find out. The dramatic surprise reserved for the last few chapters *is* a surprise—a thing which is rare. Miss Broughton's characters are all alive and human, though we think it would make for more enjoyable and fluent reading if she would boldly write "don't," "shan't," etc., instead of the old-fashioned forms "do not you," "shall not you." The little sketch of the family who also share the hotel with the heroine is most refreshing and amusing. The sudden drama and tragedy is so unexpected that it is not until one has read the last line of the last page that one can appreciate the full meaning of the title.

Mr. E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley's heroine makes her début as a mountain climber in the Alps. The book labours under the title of "A Snail's Wooing." Seeing that the heroine met the Snail in August for the very first time, and that the aforesaid molluscous animal proposed to her in the September following, we do not think that there is justice or even propriety in the title. We suppose that in the mountains they have *changé tout cela*. Be that as it may, the heroine, whose name, though Cordelia, "might have been Goneril or Yerenhappuck," is a delicious young girl bubbling over with enthusiasm and delight at seeing and doing new things, the possessor of an angelic singing voice, and guaranteed to cause a disturbance in the heart of the most ferocious bachelor. She carries all before her—guides, experienced climbers, edelweiss, and mountains. She writes the most breezy and amusing letters to a girl friend at home, and at last, in spite of the attentions of a priggish Oxford don, weds the Snail, who is a cheery, matter-of-fact sportsman who thoroughly deserves her. Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley has written an admirable book. The most fanatical climbers have charming and realistic descriptions of their beloved mountains and the toils and dangers to be endured before "bagging them"—to quote the author's phrase. Those who have no experience of the Alps will assuredly find themselves longing to follow in the tracks of the Snail and the heroine, and capture for themselves the wonders and beauties peculiar to the vast snow-clad peaks in Switzerland. The author is possessed of a keen sense of humour which he has not sought to repress, and the pages of this delightful book team with the spirit of fun:

> "Till Laughter, voiceless through excess,
> Waves mute appeal and sore
> Above the midriff's deep distress
> For breath to laugh once more."

We do not desire to convey that our condition at every page was such as is described in Kipling's "Necessitarian"—the book would be extremely painful if such were the case—but the author is so sudden and unexpected at times that we were compelled to give way.

The fourth heroine is Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse, intriguer-in-chief to Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. of France, a woman whose heart was bigger than her head, who compelled the admiration and service of all who had the good fortune to come in contact with her. A certain period of the life of an English gentleman—an enormous giant of a man who cares for nothing save physical adventure, and who sleeps with his sword by his pillow—which is bound up with her interests is the groundwork for an excellent quasi-historical novel of the Stanley-Weyman type. The presence of the great cardinal looming in the background (and, incidentally, drawn on the cover), with the vacillations of Louis and his brother, throw up into strong relief the more or less pathetic figures of Anne and the Duchesse, surrounded by their friends, fighting against overwhelming odds, scheming, plotting, and intriguing by day and night under the shadow of the Bastille. The huge Englishman, quick of brain, strong of arm, and clever of sword, finds the intrigues amusing, and only requires to be attracted by the beautiful Marie de Rohan, now Duchesse de Chevreuse, to throw his lot in, heart and soul, with the losing side. The story of his adventures and the share he has in the fight against Richelieu make up Mr. Humfrey Jordan's novel, entitled "My Lady of Intrigue." It is admirably constructed, and the interest is sustained throughout. We like the Englishman for his blunt common sense, and, with him, feel sympathy for the defeated woman. The sketches of Richelieu, Gaston, the King's brother, Anne of Austria, and many other well-known historical personages of less note are skilfully and interestingly drawn, and the exciting and adventurous elements in the book are told with none of the flamboyant "word painting" and excess in which so many of the historical novelists indulge. We do not know Mr. Humfrey Jordan's name as the author of other novels, and if this is his first attempt he is to be congratulated upon an excellent result.

Astray in Arcady. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen. 6s.)

The dream of Charlotte Poole had always been to escape from the "shams and shackles" of town life to the simplicity and sincerity of the country. So, late in life, she retires to East Anglia, "to study the native at first hand and to wrest some of her precious secrets from Dame Nature," according to paragraphs in the literary papers, for Charlotte Poole is a distinguished novelist. From her hermitage or cottage she writes the chronicles of Dulditch, in lieu of letters, to her friends, and begs them earnestly to keep and return them to her. So we expect a book *en papillotes*; but we are agreeably disappointed. The studies of the East Anglian peasants, from old Libby, who had never seen the sea, and who, on being conducted to the coast remembered nothing but a wonderful china shop there, to old Joe Stark, with his racy views on old age pensions—are small masterpieces. There is a deep and unaffected pathos in the story of the death of the old ex-shepherd, who broke his heart at his separation from the flock he had tended all his life. The "genteel people" of the book are not so happy. After a short experience of Dulditch, however, Charlotte Poole wants to forsake the shams and shackles of the country for the sincerity and simplicity of town—and we are sorry for it, and for Dulditch.

THE THEATRE

The New Royalty Theatre.

One evening last week we enjoyed a new and almost startling experience. With a curious sense of cynical superiority, brought about by scoffing criticisms and the cynicism of the ignorant, we found our way to the purlieus of Soho. We discovered the little Royalty Theatre, whose record is so patchy, throwing its lights into a dark and gloomy street, across which from time to time were flung picturesque French expressions of the Place Pigalle. We were welcomed at the doors by the box-office keeper, who eyed us suspiciously and yet with something that was pathetically eager. To his immense astonishment we bought two stalls, and were conducted along a half-lit passage to an almost empty theatre. We took our seats just as the musical director and conductor stumbled up the uncarpeted stairs from the orchestral cockpit. His unconsciously comical appearance was received with titters from a handful of people in coloured ties and blouses who had huddled themselves together in the first two rows in order to keep warm. An examination of the programme showed us that we had missed two events—the first of which was "A Placehunter Purled," a wide and

satirical rendering of "Le Solliciteur, ou l'Art d'Obtenir les Places," by Eugène Scribe, and the other a new comedy in two acts, adapted from "Maître Corbeau," by Hippolyte Raymond and Maurice Ordonneau, called "The Cost of Cringing"—but that we were in time to see a musical and satirical play, in three scenes, by V. Park, introducing new songs by W. H. C. Nation, entitled "The Kingdom of Kennaquhair." The curtain rose on scene one, and disclosed the great hall in Squire Addlepate's country house. After a vibrating pause, much caustic satire, and several witty songs, it rose again on a field of golden grain. There was more caustic satire, further songs, and a third scene—Back to the Hall Again.

So far as we could make out V. Park is the *nom de plume* of no less a person than Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Surely no other living dramatist could have written a *pot pourri* so wild and wonderful as "The Kingdom of Kennaquhair." The period of the piece was the seventeenth century at one moment and the twentieth century the next. The characters, Flutter, Bounser, Aminta, Sophron, and Squire Addlepate, domestics and harvesters, addressed one another as "thee" and "thou," cried "out upon thee for a scurvy knave," and referred to each other as "a bit of all right." Flutter, "the supposed lord," was played by a lady arrayed in the stereotyped costume of the pantomime leading boy. Squire Addlepate wore the dress of a Shakespearean noble, and Sophron, the steward, appeared in the clothes of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, while the domestics and harvesters fluttered on to the stage from time to time in the costumes usually to be found in modern musical comedies—that is to say that they wore knickerbockers, openwork stockings, high-heeled shoes, and picture hats. The songs were Shavianly called "The Horrors of War," "Tricks of the Trade," "The Smart Set Ladies," "Acting on the Sly," "The Fireman," "A Song of Fair Women," and "The Sower." In its construction the piece was pure Shaw, and the duologues teemed with the barbed wit, whimsical humour, and appalling satire of the great master—vegetarian, Fabian, man of the world. At least, we thought so until the curtain fell in silence upon the second scene, and then it was suddenly borne in upon us that Mr. W. H. C. Nation was providing us with an entertainment in which were closely and faithfully revived the pieces in which the people of early Victorian days revelled and delighted. This fact came to us as an inspiration, and we felt ashamed of having misunderstood his worthy intention of showing us the sort of thing which was performed nightly in the booths at Cremorne. With a new understanding, we, therefore, revised our opinion of the first two acts, during which we had whispered bitter things about the great vegetarian-humanitarian-journalist, and enjoyed the third act uproariously. We saw before us scenes and characters such as are represented in old coloured prints. The beautiful early-Victorianism of it all so faithfully and exquisitely and horribly represented made an instant appeal. We were charmed with the terrible Cremornianism of the songs and accessories, the innumerable verses of "fair Devonia's appletrees" encored again and again by a gaping, bewildered, and speechless audience, and the field of golden grain, which consisted of scenery brought out of some railway arch in Vauxhall, where it had lain for scores of years, dusty and neglected.

When we left the little Royalty Theatre at last, worn out with laughter, the sight of taxi-cabs and motor omnibuses, policemen, and electric light seemed strangely out of place and anachronistic. We felt that we were dressed in nankeen trousers and the hats of Tom and Jerry, and it was some time before we could readjust our point of view. With the twinkling Cremorne music still ringing in our ears, the plump figure of the lady in blue tights still dancing in our mind's eye, civilisation struck us as being all too noisy and garish. To Mr. W. H. C. Nation London owes a great debt. Here is an enthusiast who does not run a theatre for filthy lucre, who scorns to produce American plays, plays of so-play, a man with a sense of atmosphere, who with enthusiastic persistence is conducting a crusade against what may be called the Frohman method. No stars for Mr. Nation, no sumptuous scenes crowded with real Sèvres ware, real antique furniture, real books, and real silver. Here is a man, an artist, a musician, who is lavishing his money in the laudable endeavour of educating playgoers—of elevating their depraved taste up to an appreciation of the simple joys, the pure delights of early-Victorian drama. It is quite wonderful, quite extraordinary. Miss Gertrude Kingston establishes a little theatre in the Adelphi for the entertainment of a blasé aristocracy. Mr. W. H. C. Nation pegs away with all the earnestness of a missionary to counteract Miss Gertrude Kingston's efforts. He does not love the aristocracy. His plays are full of references to grinding landlords and the ladies of the Smart Set. It is evident that Mr. Nation has been treated badly by what he would call the landed gentry of Great Britain or the callous titled classes of a monarchy. Perhaps he has crossed swords with such of our aristocrats as Sir J. H. Dalziel, Sir George Dewar, and Sir Thomas Lipton. Be that as it may, his quiet crusade is all against such nobles as these, and his early-Victorian entertainment, if it were to be made known to the wide public, would become the vogue of the town. Society ever on the look-out for something new, students of history ever searching for something old, would crowd the little house in Dean Street, whose rafters would ring nightly with Homeric laughter. We, ourselves, may frankly confess that we have never experienced so many sensations in one evening, laughed so horribly, and gone out into the night with feelings so riotous. We advise everyone in search of a new form of entertainment to see "The Kingdom of Kennaquhair," and not to miss "A Place-hunter Purled" and "The Cost of Cringing," which, for all we know at present, may be even funnier and more appalling.

"Lysistrata."

Miss Gertrude Kingston's secret is out, and we now know that Mr. Laurence Housman is responsible for the version of "Lysistrata" at the Little Theatre. We think that he has acquitted himself with discretion. Whether the play was worth the trouble bestowed on it by adapter and actors will be a matter of opinion. That it will not long occupy the boards is certain. Aristophanes is not seen at his best in "Lysistrata"; indeed, he probably intended the play to be nothing more than a lampoon on advanced women, having little dramatic value. He treated the same topic in a similar vein in his "Women in Parliament." The subject is a delicate one, and has been treated in both Houses of our Parliament with freedom which has bordered on licence. We are of opinion that the same regrettable attitude on the part of men will be observed in the future as in the past, when women abandon reserve and compete with men in boldness, accompanied by lack of decorum.

The story of the play can be told in a few words. Lysistrata, the wife of a magistrate, conceives the idea that the devastating Peloponnesian War, which has continued for over twenty years, can be brought to a conclusion if the women of Athens, of Sparta, and of their allies abstain from love until the men conclude peace. That is the entire plot. Upon it hinges a long series of harangues of a sententious character delivered by Lysistrata, a great deal of horse-play, buffoonery, and pantomimic pommelling indulged in by the ladies who have left reserve behind them. Old men are not protected by their grey hairs and obvious senility from undignified assaults on the part of the ladies, whose belief in their own womanly charm is so great that they think they can compel the conclusion of peace. Comic policemen are drubbed and put to flight. A member of the Legislative Committee has a cap drawn over his face and is dressed up in women's garments. This was the idea of comedy 2,000 years ago; but why is it unearthed to appear on the boards of the daintiest little theatre in London? To be in unison with the surroundings we should have looked for a very refined comedy, relying for its

success on sparkling wit and perfect acting. If a comedy such as Robertson wrote had been presented, it would have appeared to be entirely appropriate. Many of the best epigrams in the original are omitted, possibly as not being fit for ears polite. Where, however, much that is open to question has been retained there was no necessity to omit the candid answer of the Spartan envoy, "We are in the wrong, but sin is unspeakably beautiful." There are, of course, touches of true comedy, especially where the women begin to tire of their vow and invent all sorts of trivial excuses to escape to their spouses, only to be checked by Lysistrata, the arch-Suffragette.

It is pleasant to be able to praise unreservedly the acting in a play which called for so much delicacy of touch. Miss Gertrude Kingston acted excellently as Lysistrata, a character which in less capable hands would have induced boredom. She looked handsome, but did not convey the idea of the Lysistrata who is frequently addressed in the original somewhat contemptuously as "old woman." We have nothing but praise for Miss Margaret Watson as Calonice and Miss Dorothy Minto as Myrrhina, whilst Mr. Guy Rathbone looked very handsome and acted well, and with restraint, as Cinesias, a part which might easily have been rendered in a repulsive manner. We should like to enter a protest against the wait of twenty minutes between the first and second acts. It was excessively tedious, and kept the audience unnecessarily long in the theatre. We sincerely hope that Miss Kingston, who has presented London with a charming theatre, will next present playgoers with an appropriate and equally delightful entertainment.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL

For some years a silent and inevitable warfare has been waged between the younger school of British composers and the older school. The compositions of the learned professors of music, correct, academic, and unmistakably dull, have been superseded by the works of their pupils, and during the last decade the fiery energy and high hopes of youth have resulted in an amount of music as noteworthy for its quality as for its bulk. There are to-day at least a dozen young British musicians producing work that, for sheer cleverness, ingenuity, and vitality, is superior to anything that our older composers have given us; and if their originality is to be found rather in their style than in their matter, there is nevertheless ample evidence that when maturity has been reached they will do something more than say the old things in a new way. Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Frederick Delius, and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke are, of course, original from whatever point of view we may regard them, but many of our younger men have mistaken eccentricity for originality, and have wilfully exaggerated personal idiosyncrasies merely in the hope of attracting public attention.

The Musical Festival held at Leeds last week served to bring forward at least one new work that strikes a fresh note, not only in British music, but in the music of Europe. That work is the "Sea Symphony" of Dr. R. Vaughan Williams. It is a setting for soprano and baritone soli, chorus and orchestra of various poems by Walt Whitman, and the form is purely symphonic; indeed, it is more closely knit, more cohesive, than the ordinary orchestral symphony, for the words of all the four movements are concerned with one subject, and though that subject is presented under different aspects, each movement is dominated by the idea of the immensity, the mystery, and the unifying power of the sea. A symphony written for chorus as well as orchestra is, of course, no innovation, for it is nearly a hundred years since Beethoven wrote his Ninth Symphony, containing in its last movement a choral setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," and quite recently some unusual experiments have been made on the Continent in this direction. It is not, then, in attempting any daring novelty of form that Dr. Vaughan Williams has distinguished himself; and though his style is extremely free and modern, there is nothing at all in his work to which any musician of wide sympathies could take exception. We make a special point of this because it is becoming increasingly the custom for young composers to flout all the artistic conventions of their time, and to receive praise for so doing; but Dr. Vaughan Williams is too sound a musician and too true an artist to resort to the more refined forms of sensationalism. The strength, the beauty, and the originality of his work lie in the veracity with which he has impregnated his music with the movement, the colour, and the odour of the sea; but though he has given us the sensuous aspect of the vast oceans encircling the world, he has not rested content with this, but has also attempted, and with no small measure of success, to present to us the spiritual and mystical ideas which all men of imagination associate with Nature in her grandest and most sublime moods. Walt Whitman himself had the extraordinary power of associating humanity with inanimate Nature; no small portion of his poetry is infused with a kind of mystical Pantheism, and in the verses chosen by Dr. Vaughan Williams to form the basis of his music, there is an implication of the fundamental sameness of the soul of Nature and the soul of man himself. The implication, it is true, is vague, but for poetical and musical purposes it is sufficiently strong to make this "Sea Symphony" human enough in its appeal. The composer conducted his own work, and the wonderful Festival Chorus—drawn from many choirs in the West Riding of Yorkshire—gave a superb interpretation of a composition that, if not equal to Wagner's sea-music in "The Flying Dutchman," or to Mr. Frederick Delius' "Sea-Drift," is at least a notable addition to the not very numerous works devoted to so transcendent and overwhelming a subject.

The Festival was also made notable by the presence of Sergei Vassilievich Rachmaninoff, who, during the week, appeared in the triple capacity of conductor, composer, and pianist. Mr. Rachmaninoff is still a young man, but he has already written a large number of compositions, among which are two symphonies and two pianoforte concertos. The Pianoforte Concerto in C minor that he played at the concert on Wednesday evening of last week is a much earlier work than the Symphony that was given on the following day; and though Mr. Rachmaninoff's brilliant playing and the fine conducting of the orchestra by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford created immense enthusiasm, we are of the opinion that the Symphony in E minor is much the stronger and maturer work of the two. It evinces the influence of Tschaikowsky both in its orchestral colouring and in its thematic material, but it is more than probable that the similarity one notices in the work of these two Russian composers is in large measure due to their having lived under the influence of the same ideas, and to their being men of the same racial fibre—a fibre that makes for mental gloom and, often enough, for spiritual *malaise*. But Mr. Rachmaninoff has none of Tschaikowsky's neuroticism and morbidity; his gloom is philosophic, whilst Tschaikowsky's gloom was a disease of the nerves. The Symphony given at Leeds, though full of brilliant scoring, is very firmly knit, and is almost lyrical in the unceasing flow of its ideas and the ease and eloquence with which they are expressed. The symphonic form often proves too big and too extended for young composers, but Mr. Rachmaninoff has not been embarrassed in the least by the largeness of the canvas on which he has had to paint his pictures. Indeed, his control of his material is remarkable, and even in moods of greatest exaltation, when he is speaking with something approaching lyrical rapture, there is never any doubt as to what he is attempting to say. Lucidity, that flower of genius, is his in abundance, and the complexity of his orchestration clarifies instead of obscuring his meaning.

The Leeds Musical Festival Committee were well advised to give Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" instead of Handel's "Messiah," which is already sufficiently familiar to all

students of music. The Committee have shown evidence of the most catholic taste in the selection of the music to be performed; and though one or two mistakes were made, they were—if one may be excused a contradiction in terms—mistakes in the right direction. Mr. Hubert Bath's "The Wedding of Shon Maclean," for instance, clever though it may be, does not possess sufficient artistic merit to warrant its being given at an important Festival like that at Leeds; but its selection at least served to assist native composition, and when we consider what little encouragement is given to British musicians to compose at all, we may well feel surprised that they give us so much work that is not only sound but often full of unusual beauty. Sir Charles Stanford directed the orchestra throughout the week, and among those musicians who attended to conduct particular works were Sir Hubert Parry, Mr. William Wallace, Mr. H. A. Fricker, and Mr. Hubert Bath.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LITERARY AGENT

JOURNALISTS in conference have debated again the amorphous conditions of their profession, and discussed the ethics and practice of journalism without any definite result save the old one of indicating that not even the Institute can make the Fourth Estate a close corporation or control the aspirants to or the members of it. One very able journalist pointed out that as the schools could not make journalists the essential practical experience was very difficult for beginners to obtain. It is this ignorance of the technical side that bars the way to the amateur, and makes him of little service to the editors who theoretically encourage him. When, in a sense, the newspapers and magazines are open to everyone, and everybody is more or less a contributor to them, the status and utilisation of the beginner or the amateur are matters of considerable general interest and importance. The encouragement given to the casual contributor and "outsider" in recent years has made the task of the Institute of Journalists more difficult than ever, and rendered its proposals for limiting and safeguarding the profession most absurdly theoretical and impossible. It has introduced as Press contributors an undisciplined horde of writers, who have achieved little while suffering an enormous amount of heartburning, wasted effort, and blasted hopes. Newspapers and magazines have gained somewhat in freshness and human interest, and, in spite of frequent failures and futilities, it is to their interest to open Press work in all branches, with the exception of executive editorial work, to the outsider and the casual contributor. This has brought about the evolution of the Press and literary agent, who has, however, done little yet to regulate the anarchistic state of the profession. He has not realised his potentialities, and too often he is an incapable individual, if not actually an impostor and swindler. Yet, when he realises himself, he is an invaluable adjunct to the profession, of material service in regulating it, and of great benefit to both contributors and editors. He ought to be an experienced professional man, a capable general editor, with his fingers on all the arteries of journalistic life, a man of ideas and resource and acute literary judgment, capable of filling any editorial chair. He should be the trusty link between the inner professional world and the vast army of undisciplined, inexperienced writers, supplying them with just what they lack in turning their knowledge and abilities to account—knowledge of the intricate technical details of journalism. He is worth more to his non-professional clients than any school, for from and through him they should receive a better practical initiation in ways and methods than a lifetime of theoretical lessons can give.

The office and status of the agent, therefore, becomes a matter of more than professional interest and concern, affecting all who attempt to write for the Press. Hitherto the responsible literary agent has been in reality the business representative of well-known authors, managing their affairs just as a land-agent looks after a different class of property, arranging contracts and collecting fees and royalties. This dignified man of business has left the smaller fry to be exploited by a different class of agent, and has not troubled to take advantage of modern developments which have thrown open literary or, rather, journalistic work to anybody who thinks he has a story to tell or information to supply. The consequence is too often that the latter have been exploited by unqualified and unscrupulous adventurers who are utterly uninfluential and ignorant of their business, and who charge fees for which they cannot and do not intend to give any return. Such swindlers crop up every week in and around Fleet Street with pretentious schemes and offers that deceive the raw beginner, introducing discredit and distrust into an honourable and desirable business, and making the way of the legitimate agent very difficult. Happily there is less money in the game than in any other bogus employment agency swindle. Some few qualified and responsible agents have recognised the expanding field and attempted to develop accordingly, from mere "authors' agents" to general literary agents, endeavouring to serve all and sundry. But their methods are seldom profitable to themselves or their clients, as they find it almost impossible to obtain adequate remuneration for their services, if their work is to be thorough and satisfactory. On the other hand, the preliminary fee system is open to abuse; it encourages the agent to accept MSS. from any author who may submit them to him, and to give attention only to those that are immediately marketable, while shelving the MSS. of those whose only claim to consideration is their payment of a fee. Even worse, although the amateur may not make any monetary sacrifice, is the commission basis, for the "outsider" has the impression that no matter how useful the agent's services are he must not deduct more than 10 per cent. from the possibly meagre and infrequent sales he secures. This commission is adequate enough when the agent is dealing with MSS. that sell "at sight" at a high figure, say, £50 for a short story that half a dozen editors are anxious to have, or for drawing up an agreement and collecting the revenues of a novel producing £500 or more. But it is not sufficient for an article or story which involves more trouble to sell at a guinea—the sale, in fact, at any price being only due to the agent's good offices; and, consequently, immature work is neglected and dissatisfaction reigns.

In addition to being an authors' agent, the Press and literary agent, created by the evolution of journalism, has a very big and useful place to fill, which it would be well for the Institute of Journalists and the Society of Authors to recognise; and to be thorough in his onerous work he must amend his terms and take himself seriously. He must secure the confidence not only of writers but of editors, and act as a reliable literary exchange, sifting carefully the MSS. offered him and placing them in the proper quarter. His connection lies more with the periodical Press than with the book publisher. The former has not only an insatiable appetite for bright, readable stories, paying less attention to names than to vivid human interest, but relies on the "outside contributor" for articles that are more authoritative and fresher than the professional compiler can supply—articles that combine the rare qualities of being well informed and well written. Here is the special province of the agent. He knows that the *Daily Post* or *McKay's Magazine* is open to take one or more articles on a specific subject, and he knows also the man who can write with authority on the subject. In all probability if the writer were left alone he would never find a suitable market, as he would not know how to deal successfully with his subject. A leisured editor, recognising the value of his crude material, might be at the trouble to show him how to present it suitably. But such an editor is rare; he has neither the time nor the patience

to bother with immature work, and, rejecting it without explanation, contents himself with a better-written article on a less topical or interesting subject. But the agent is able to serve both parties. He gives his author an applied lesson in journalism, showing him how to make acceptable use of his good material, and offers the editor not only a good subject, but an acceptable article. A very large proportion of stories and articles for serial use are unfit for publication through injudicious and inexperienced treatment, while less original matter finds acceptance because it is more attractively presented. The agent's duty is to remedy this anomaly, acting as sub-editor for both parties. Yet if he does his work other than perfunctorily the writer is prone to give him very little credit for it, forgetting that in these days a knowledge of the market, of editorial requirements and how to meet them, is fully three-fourths of the business, and cannot be adequately compensated by 10 per cent. commission. Many an article, entirely unsaleable by its author or in its original form, can be made worth many guineas by an agent who is worth his salt. The moral of it all is that the genuine, responsible literary agent is an invaluable development of modern journalism of much more service to all concerned than any school can be, affording the beginner in particular the necessary direction and initiation in the practical and technical intricacies of his work he is otherwise unable to obtain.

"BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS"

THERE are two essentially modern influences that are tending to create, both in original intention and in manner of achievement, a specialised form of literature. Whether they are healthy and desirable or not is a matter neither here nor there; suffice it to say that they exist, and that their several and joint influences are unquestionable. These influences are the newspaper article and the typewriter. The one makes a demand which the other in an increasing number of instances puts to achievement. For newspapers are no longer merely concerned with retailing news (the cynic might ask if they ever were concerned with this), they demand purely literary attempts—which they may or may not print in gold, as distinct from the ordinary lead type! This demand has created the short essay of a consistent average of words, which their authors periodically gather up and publish in a volume. Such a book is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's recent volume, which we have just been reading, entitled "On Anything." It comprises thirty-five essays, and we dare venture to assert that the better part of them were either typed or dictated. There is a certain intimacy, warmth, and colour about work achieved by the pressure of pen on paper that is apt to make other work cold and aloof. In fact, it might even be questioned if the most intimate matters could ever be fitly rendered in any other way. And the contents of Mr. Belloc's volume certainly come forward to substantiate such a conjecture, for the main fault of this book is that its subjects are too largely topographical and historical. Truly, the essay is the most personal of prose forms.

Yet, as against this, the impersonal method of, say, dictation, has a steady balance about it that, if marmoreal, is at least stately and precise. Take such an instance as the following:—"That is simple which, when we will divide it, divides into things like itself, and which, when we divide it, divides, not of its own nature, but violently and unnaturally by our volition." It is like a cold, clear, steady voice calling across a room with a calm, inevitable cadence. Pen on paper might achieve it, but only when the other method has become habitual. But with all this, if essential literature is a warm unfurling of inner things, this is not essential literature, despite its statuesque excellence. This limitation is more principally noticeable, however, in such an essay as that on Swinburne. Here, if ever, one would demand colour and warmth. And the fact that it is largely one of the failures of the volume is attributable to this very fact: that it lacks, and constitutionally is predoomed to lack, warmth and colour. It seeks to unravel the secret of Swinburne, and it only once touches the heart of Swinburne. It gropes for the very thing it should say; and in its groping it loses form, that essential of the short essay. With this contrast, however, the essay on Irony. Here intimacy must be ruled aside in favour of aloof and critical dissection: the subject demands it. Subject and manner being, therefore, *en rapport*, this essay is admirable.. It is, indeed, more than merely admirable; it succeeds in adding considerably to clearness of thinking in its insistence of the third person. "Irony," says Mr. Belloc, "is that form of jest in which we ridicule a second person in the presence of a third." We all find this intellectual need of a third person; yet the inevitable question arises, What if there be no third person? Is irony then impossible? Mr. Belloc's reply is intellectually triumphant. In such a case, he says, "the third person is restricted to our own expectant selves, or even to God, who made us, and in whom is mirrored the universal truth of things." How true this is; for have we not often felt this impersonal, or at any rate transcendental, rectitude as the creator of the deepest ironies?

But the range of such aloof subjects, that happen also to be fitted for treatment in an essay, is limited. Therefore, to say that most of the essays in this book are occupied with such subjects is to say that most of them are not truly fit for treatment in essay form. That they should be written for a newspaper is one thing; but that they should be garnered in a book is quite another. Take, for instance, the historical subjects. Most of them elbow uncomfortably in the limits set them. The axioms and comments call pitifully for apt illustration; but alas! space does not permit such apt illustration, and therefore the essays in question are halt and maimed.

Not so, however, is it with such an essay as that "On Believing." This is subtle, penetrating, and illuminating; but it is only historical, as that "On Irony" might be literary: that is, inasmuch as it deals with a subject that lies behind, and productive of, mere historical data. It is a true essay subject; in fact, it is so much this, that it is doubtful if it could be dealt with in any other form of literary effort. And again, it is a contribution to clear thinking: it is a profound and stimulating addition to those efforts that seek to elucidate that most curious of historical perplexities, the accepted axioms of any age, unrecorded because placidly accepted, which are yet the key of the age in question.

Most of the book is topographical—topographical in the best sense. For Mr. Belloc's lore in travel and scenery is both curious and charming; to which he brings a wide historical knowledge, so making each scene yield its fill of interest. In much we lose the personal thread that counts for all, and then the interest falls perilously near that of a catalogue. At its best, as in "On the Traveller," it is personal, and therefore illuminating. But they none of them compare with such a book, say, as his "Path to Rome." And for a simple reason: for they demand space for discursive treatment. Yet, while this is the life of a book, it is the death of the essay. The best portion of these essays are those in which Mr. Belloc is most himself; when, in fact, Mr. Belloc has most opportunity of finding outlet for that objective humour he delights in. Such an essay is "The Honest Man and the Devil." The Honest Man prides himself on an honesty that he has not, and therefore will have nothing to do with the Devil's proposal that he should sell his soul to him. Whereupon the Devil says that since the Honest Man will have nothing to do with him, he in turn will have nothing to do with the Honest Man. In consequence of which, his letters following this are not only amazingly and perplexingly honest, but are the best of humour, moreover.

So with the conclusion, the exquisite and subtle conclusion, to "Compiègne." Let us quote a fragment, even though it risk maiming it. Monsieur de Noirétable has

come to Compiègne, as we become aware in the quiet dialogue, having in mind a possible proposal to Madame d'Escurolles, but does not know how it will be taken. Presently she asks him for his favourite poet, and the following dialogue ensues:—

HE: . . . I confess my favourite verse is the Herodian Ode which begins: "Donec gratus eram tibi," and which ends (*he speaks glowingly*):

"Tracundior Hadria,
Tecum vivere aurem; tecum obeam libens!"

SHE (*doubtfully*): Are you quite sure you have the Latin right? (*She ponders awhile.*) For my own part, I prefer the simple songs of our people about here, and the rhymes of children. Do you know

"Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés"?

HE (*almost yawning*): Oh! bless you, yes. Who does not? . . . Madam?
Exquisite, is it not?

"PYE CORNER" AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

THERE is one modest consolation for the lover of ancient London, who sees his favourite "bits" one by one delivered over to the merciless pick and shovel of the housebreaker—the "Old London" of two or three centuries hence is now in the making. It is cold comfort, perhaps, for we shall not be here to admire the weatherbeaten towers and walls—the exquisite dinginess of the South Kensington Museum extension, shall we say, or the entrancing mellow tones of the Kingsway—but, such as it is, we may ruminate upon it and take heart. There will still be plenty of enthusiasts eager to write books on Old London, even then.

Pye Corner, West Smithfield, is one of the latest remnants marked for destruction. Its most prominent object, an old public-house named rather pathetically "The Fortune of War," stands mournfully fronting the fine modern face of "Bart's" as though it were conscious of impending doom. The side wall in Cock Lane (of ghostly fame) bore, until a month or two ago, an inscription painted on a panel the full height of the window, certifying that

THIS IS PYE CORNER
Where The
GREAT FIRE OF LONDON
Ended
After Burning
NIGHT AND DAY
From The
2nd to the 10th of SEPTEMBER,
1666.

The windows themselves were ornamented last February with belated election posters, and with still more belated announcements of "Luncheons and Dinners"; now they are covered with florid bills until the whole effect is kaleidoscopic, and the inscription is hidden. No more meals will be demolished within those dusky rooms; the block of buildings opposite is already down, a towering red-brick warehouse affronts the eye, and the "Fortune of War" must go with the flight of time. Certainly it looks dirty enough; but somehow one resents the disappearance of these ancient and honourable remains. The golden "Fat Boy" who peered from the wall for so many years—looking very much as if he were casually stuck on with glue—has vanished, and deserves now to be sheltered from wind and weather in one of our museums; perhaps the Guildhall will be kind to him.

A verse of an old ballad of St. Bartholomew's fair celebrates the side-shows at Pye Corner:

At Pye-Corner end, mark well, my good friend,
'Tis a very fine dirty place,
Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
Than was handl'd at Chivy Chase.

It was at "Pasty-Nooke, or Pye-Corner," where "pigges were at all houres of the day on the stalls piping hot, and would cry (if they could speak) 'come eate me,'" says a quarto tract printed in 1641; and here Littlewit, the proctor, of Ben Jonson's creation, desired that his wife should not partake of the tempting sucking-pig.

The whole neighbourhood is full of reminders of the past. It is true that the inquisitive wanderer who penetrates the depths of Cock Lane now finds little but grim warehouse fortresses and huge noisy doorways; but at the bottom is the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill, fast shuttered and with blank, blurred panes, where once Mr. Squeers and the immemorial Fanny lodged, and where Mr. John Browdie made the echoes ring with his glorious laughter. Hosier Lane, close by, seems to contain more of the savour of olden times than Cock Lane—its vista is as dim, and its sky-outlines of quaint roofs are as ragged as the most fastidious artist could desire.

Pye Corner will soon be missing, and it looks very sad at heart, overwhelmed by such modernity. Over it we catch a glimpse of the fine fretted turrets of St. Sepulchre's Church, and sometimes falls a melody, sweet and haunting in the autumn air, of bells. The "Fortune of War" is crowned merely by a dull chimney-cowl, revolving and complaining gloomily as though in a lament for the glories long past.

Within two minutes' walk is Smithfield. To the stranger the immediate neighbourhood of one of the largest and most famous meat markets of the world might not seem particularly favourable for a search after antiquities, or for the investigation of ancient customs; but he need only glance round the huge square in the most casual manner to have his doubts dispelled. For in the gateway of St. Bartholomew's—that magnificent, lonely old gateway, so relentlesly violated by squalor on the one hand and aggressive new bricks on the other, we have the portal of a wonderful little world of thrilling surprises and valiant histories.

Mutely and sadly it seems to protest, as it faces the turmoil of the ceaseless vans and waggons, against the encroachment of dishevelled shops and crazy shutters upon its grand, grey stones. In this city of contrasts it is one of the most appealing. At the summit, boards flaunt the inscriptions "Stationers and Bookbinders"; half-way down, "Booksellers and Tobacconists" appears; third in the rank, the level of a "Dealer in Pickled Tongues, Sweetbreads, etc.," is reached—that it could ever be! Directly below this last comes the sweet, solemn curve of the brave old gate. To the right, a cheap news-shop has been built that hides nearly half of the entrance—although we must admit that the corner is quite picturesque. On the left a smart tea-shop stares, against the very paint of which we can read the significant date that starts our ship of dreams floating back into deeps of time long before Shakespeare wrote, before Chaucer sang: "St. Bartholomew Ye Great, 1123, A.D."

Passing through the scarred gateway we reach the tiny churchyard with somewhat of a thrill, for the houses over the way have windows on the ground level, and the weatherbeaten tombstones, canted irregularly as if they had been stricken into stillness while striving to peer past each other, are in the line of vision from those frowsy panes—some of the end ones actually within arm's reach. Time and use are said to soften every hardship, but there might be pleasanter meals, one would imagine, than those eaten on surly winter days in such darksome rooms, with an accompaniment of the dripping rain on sodden earth, the ghostly ululation of prowling cats, and the gaunt shape of a tombstone at the window.

One of the sides of this plot of sacred ground is formed by the high, severe brick wall of new premises, and from

the path a glimpse can be obtained of the tower added to the church under the superintendence of Sir Aston Webb; but they are unable to prevail against the mood induced by that row of ramshackle "backs," those eccentric ranks of almost illegible epitaphs. A strange, dark mood it is, of loneliness and sadness, of dead names and hushed voices. There are days, however, in spring and autumn, when the little corner seems not altogether sorrowful. In early spring the fresh green leaves on the two or three old trees brighten the place up wonderfully, and in the fall of the year those same leaves, yellow and tawny, give it a touch of colour that transforms it into a veritable picture.

St. Bartholomew's Priory was founded early in the twelfth century by Rahere, a minstrel of King Henry I. who turned monk, and his tomb in the wall of the church is well worth seeing. In the porch hangs a most interesting list of the priors and rectors of the church from 1123 to the present day. Queen Mary gave the remnant of the old priory church to the Black Friars, "who used it as their conventual church," says an old writer, "till the first year of Queen Elizabeth, when the friars were turned out, and all the said church, with the whole parish church, was wholly, as it stood in the last year of Edward VI., given by Parliament to remain for ever a parish church to the inhabitants within the close called Great St. Bartholomew's; and so it remains, and is the same structure as then existed, except the steeple, which was then timber, and was pulled down and rebuilt, in 1628, of brick and stone."

On the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day the scholars of the various City grammar-schools used to assemble in this churchyard and compete for prizes. When the St. Paul's scholars met those of St. Anthony's, says Stow, "they would call them St. Anthony's pigs, and they again would call the others pigeons of St. Paul's; because many pigeons were bred in Paul's church, and St. Anthony was always figured with a pig following him." A portion of the rough old priory wall can be seen still standing on the right, and above it are the remains of a few ancient inscriptions. Our French critic, M. Huard, finds this "coin de verdure inattendu" extremely charming—"unique à Londres, remarquable et passionante, et qui se cache, se tapit, s'efface à l'ombre des hautes et vieilles maisons qui l'entourent."

In our next article we shall describe briefly the great Fair of St. Bartholomew, which was carried on yearly in September almost until the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, and was one of the last of the urban revels to disappear.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mammon is the sole thought of Throgmorton Street. One of the late Deans of Ely once said: "God has set the world on two pillars—Money and Matrimony—and in the right use of Money and in the right relations of the two sexes everything depends." I suppose it is so. I am thankful that in this letter I have only one of these pillars to deal with—Money—which in itself is indeed a mighty one, and its use or abuse affects countless millions for good or evil.

The Charing Cross Bank, which was established as far back as 1870, has suspended payment, with liabilities amounting to the large amount of £2,000,000. The Bank had some forty branches all over the United Kingdom, and its failure will entail much hardship upon the working classes, who looked upon it as a perfectly safe investment for their savings. The word Bank misleads hundreds of innocent persons, and the term should not be allowed to be used so readily. This particular Bank was nothing more than a money-lending concern. It simply borrowed money on deposit, generally tying it up for a long period of from one to three years at a low rate of interest, seldom more than 5 per cent., and then lending it out on bills of sale and other doubtful security at from 20 to 40 per cent. We hope those who are responsible will have a satisfactory explanation of their stewardship. This Bank had nothing whatever to do with the Stock Exchange.

The terrible cyclone in Cuba brought the United of Havana Railway stock down some 3 points to 81, but, strange to say, this had little effect upon the bonds. The crops, of course, have suffered and much loss of life has resulted.

Markets generally are distinctly cheerful, and business shows a marked improvement. It is generally anticipated we are to have a late autumn boom, and I feel somewhat confident we shall, subject always to the unforeseen being in our favour. The world's unrest is always a factor to bear in mind, but for the moment the outlook is bright.

In my last letter I pointed out that Americans showed signs of activity, and I was singularly correct in my forecast, as we have seen an all-round advance, more especially in Unions, Rock Islands, and Steels.

Canadas, which I have so persistently recommended, have been a feature of strength this week, owing to the exceptional good traffic receipts for the week ending October 14, which reached the excellent figure of $196,000 net increase. The stock excitedly rose from 202 to 205. I have always had the opinion, even when they were 170, that some day we should see them 250, and I still think so. Grand Trunks will one day follow Canadas, but not to the same extent, but they should be kept on the right side.

The Rubber Market is reviving. At the sales on Tuesday better prices ruled: some of the better class of plantation rubber fetched as much as 6s. 2d. Apart from this, liquidation is settling down, and a good feature for this market was the fact that the last new issue, the Nagolle (Ceylon) Rubber and Tea Plantation, Limited, with a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, of which only £50,000 were offered for subscription, was largely over-subscribed on the day of issue. There are sure to be a lot of doubtful companies floated on the top of the success of this one: so great caution is needful in making a selection. I always think the front page of the prospectus is a safe guide.

In Industrial shares, those of the London and General Omnibus Company are worth attention. For years they have had severe competition to meet in the form of motor traction of all kinds. A change in management, however, of a more up-to-date kind, led to modern methods being adopted, and by gradually substituting motor for the old horse omnibuses, wonders have been done.

The L.G.O. have since absorbed the Road Car, Vanguard, and other competitors, with the result that they are now able to pay up the arrears of the First and Second Preference. The Ordinary shares have risen from 17, the lowest price touched, to over 40.

These Ordinary shares should be a capital lock-up. They must be taken up and paid for, and in the course of, say, six months the price should nearly double itself.

A company has been formed with a capital of £50,000 to take over the patents of a new machine for affixing postage-stamps to envelopes, wrappers, or circulars at the rate of 4,000 per hour, with absolute accuracy, and automatically register each stamp used. The envelope is fed into the correct position and the lever simply depressed. It is intended to have these attached to all pillar-boxes in clubs, hotels, etc.; in fact, its uses are many. It should be of the greatest public service.

The Mining Market is awakening, and we are likely to see higher prices in most of the better-class shares. Venture Corporation shares, which can be had at 12s.—half the price they stood at during the Rubber boom—are surely cheap. The company has world-wide interests—in Oil in South America, Rubber in the same direction, and in Africa, Java, and Malaya. It has South African interests, and controls the important Harmony Estates.

City Deeps, which are considered a good mine, were supposed to start crushing this month, and much disappointment arose when it was rumoured that this start would have to be delayed till December owing to the loss of machinery which was on its way to the mine. This caused some forced selling, but when a cable to hand explained matters, the shares soon recovered to 4⅞, at which price they are still cheap. It appears the lost machinery belonged, not to the City Deep Mine, but to the Rand Mines Power Supply Company, which prevented the latter delivering the necessary amount of compressed air to work the City Deep motors. The development work on the mine gives entire satisfaction, and prospects are excellent.—I am, yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHERE WILL OUR STAGE STARS COME FROM IN ANOTHER DECADE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—That we progress still in the strictly scientific and mechanical arts there is plenty of evidence, and there is much indication that this progress will go on undiminished as the years

expand in the inevitable march of time; but in the distinctly intellectual and artistic field there has not been lacking indisputable proof that we are going back, and there are those who prophesy that the era of extinction for certain of the highest types of artistic effort is likely to be reached within the generation now passing. In the field of the theatre more than anywhere else one finds that genius is giving way to science; already the tragedienne so vividly holding sway in the days of Rachel, Ristori, and Charlotte Cushman, is practically obsolete. In the whole of the English-speaking countries one cannot find to-day a tragedienne of past renown who has not succumbed to modernism, or else been obliterated by it. France and Italy have still their great exponents of the classics and the tragic muse, such as Bernhardt, Réjane, Hading and Duse, who still endure with their classical repertoire; but in England and America there remains but the final struggle before utter oblivion. Ellen Terry is a memory, though perhaps never so qualified as now; Julia Marlowe, at the New Theatre, undoubtedly sacrificed large pecuniary gain in order that she might be identified with what appears to be the last effort to sustain the best traditions of the stage. But look where we will, there is nothing in sight to justify the hope that another decade will not witness the utter passing of the tragedienne.

David Belasco, who brought to light the divine spark in Mrs. Leslie Carter, has shown in his production of "The Lily" a tendency to bring forth a greater Nance O'Neill; and here we have too an actress who under the artistic conditions of other days would be a worthy successor of Mary Anderson. There is just the faintest ray of hope that her future career under such an able manager may be directed towards the tragic goal for which she is so fitted by nature. Where are we to look for another Tommaso Salvini?—and after Booth and Irving, whom did we have worthy of their mantles?—Mansfield?—Yes! a veritable genius who left no artistic inheritance whatever. And after Mansfield, who? We have no desire to convey to the lay reader a point of view which will characterize the stage as going to the bad. On the contrary, the general ensemble effect of the stage representations of to-day is truly worthy and far superior to anything that memory can recall; but there is no sign on the horizon that we are to have a succession to the colossal artistry which was maintained by the players we have named. In grand opera the outlook is not for a plethora of great artists such as history can relate of the past. A generation may bring forth a Caruso and a Tetrazzini, but where the singers are to come from that are to supply the many new opera houses, which are being planned throughout the world, one cannot easily foretell. Great natural voices are prevalent to-day all over Europe and America, and these will supply in a supreme degree the majority of those yet to be heard; but the method and artistry will not be the same that made possible the long and unexampled careers of Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Pauline Lucca, Jean de Reszke, and Francesco Tamagno. That we are gradually evolving into an era of general excellence, rather than individual sublimity in all artistic achievements, seems to be indisputable. If one glances over the announcements of our theatres and our opera houses, and observes the names of those who shine in a stellar capacity, amazement must be expressed at the length of time during which most of these have been able to hold sway, and still do so, because of the inability of the rising generation of players and singers to compete with them.

Ninety per cent. of the more prominent stars to whom the public of to-day pays homage have had stellar careers in excess of a quarter of a century, and of the ten per cent. who represent the modern crop of celebrities, the majority are of the musical comedy, or light comedy calibre. Can the observer make a more significant discovery to justify the writer's prophesy?—Is there a reason?—Surely, and that reason is the lack of incentive! This was provided a generation ago by an institution, to-day almost extinct,—the stock company!—In a New York one-third the size of the metropolis of to-day, A. M. Palmer maintained at the Union Square Theatre a model organisation of players, whose careers were developed, stars made, and these stars created upon a foundation which caused them to endure. Simultaneously with the Palmer régime were the years of successful permanent stock productions under the direction of Augustin Daly, and from these were developed the glorious careers of Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, Fanny Davenport, John Drew and Otis Skinner. Need one go further to illustrate why the stars who to-day can still shine, whether youthful or not, are the only ones whom a manager can procure; and if it is thus at the period when these careers are drawing to a close, what will happen when they have passed away?—Say what one will, the argument is invincible, and one can only assume that the stage of to-morrow will be given over more to the creation of novel and unique spectacles rather than the survival of the great artistry and genius of a more dignified if less propitious period of the theatre.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT GRAU.

Vernon, U.S.A.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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The Charm of the Road: England and Wales. By James John Hissey. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.

The Life Story of a Tiger. By Lieut.-Col. A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.

Peeps at Many Lands: Spain. By Edith A. Browne. Illustrated in Colour by Trevor Haddon and Edgar T. A. Wigram. A. & C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.

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Plain Talks to Irish Farmers. By Sir Horace Plunkett. Eason and Son, Dublin. 1d.

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Sporting Days and Sporting Ways. By Ralph Nevill. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

The Old Testament Story in New Testament Words. Compiled by M. F. Outram. With Note by the Rt. Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. 1s.

The Deathless Soul: Common-Sense Reasons for Believing in Existence after Death. By Chillingham Hunt. With Many Passages on Immortality from Scientists, Philosophers and Poets, collected by O. W. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s.

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AND

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